



No. 220.—VOL. XVII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1897

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS HILDA MOODY AS O MIMOSA SAN IN "THE GEISHA."

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MR. KILPATRICK, BELFAST.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have heard without surprise that some notable studios were closed to visitors on the Sunday which is dedicated to curiosity in Kensington and St. John's Wood. It has always been strange to me that a painter should welcome even his bosom friends, to say nothing of a listless crowd of afternoon triflers, to an inspection of the pictures he is about to send to the Academy. The bosom friend cannot always adjust himself to a sympathetic standpoint; and the chances are that he lugs in some perfect stranger to the artist, who has to smile on a row of unknown faces which gaze at his work with the speculation of extinct moons. What painter really wants to stand at the elbow of the casual onlooker, who will presently wander into the next room and drink the household Bohea with callous indifference? Plainly, the honest thing is to slip past the tea-room and make for the front-door; but then a member of the family, or a comely parlour-maid, is apt to intercept you with an offer of the usual hospitality, and if you decline this, it looks like ungenerous censure on the art from which you are fleeing. True, one might say in parting, "Good-bye, Mr. Fitzochre; your wonderful pictures express everything to me—tea and crumpets and all"; but it would need extraordinary self-command to achieve this diplomatic adieu without a suggestion of irony.

And why should the self-respecting painter expose himself to this ordeal? He does not care a piece of chalk for this inarticulate opinion which is going to slake its thirst for art in his teacups. A dramatist does not post himself in a conspicuous position during the first performance of his play. He is summoned before the curtain at the end; but that is a brief ceremonial, frequently suggestive of the hunted fugitive. It is not as if he posed uneasily against the proscenium all the evening, sustained by a tacit understanding that light refreshments had been ordered for the pit. The painter does not hang about his masterpiece in the Academy, mutely hinting to the spectators that he is the genius who has illuminated that canvas. Why, then, should he stand in his workshop for the entertainment of callers who stare at him with speechless ignorance, and inflame their souls with his tea and cake? I was in a studio one day where the artist's daughter apologised for the absence of papa. I understood perfectly that he could not endure the tide of intruding curiosity any more, and had left this girl with candid brown eyes to cover his retreat. She showed me his great work; it was the Tower of Babel, just at the moment when the builders were smitten with that diversity of tongues which has provided bread-and-butter for so many harmless professors of languages. Before I could utter an opinion, the painter's daughter hurried me to some relics which her father had collected in the course of his studies of Biblical subjects. Here was the pot in which Nebuchadnezzar had boiled asparagus; there was the nose-bag of Balaam's ass. The candid brown eyes said so plainly that no idea about these things was expected of me, that I withdrew, tealess and subdued. The *savoir-faire* of that young woman was evident; but how, in such an occupation, could she cultivate the tender affinities of soul?

Painters and poets, in my humble judgment, ought to be secluded from the gaze of the shallow world. I have never seen a painter yet, except Leighton, whose personal appearance was not in violent contrast to the achievement of his brush. Perchance he has a large nose and a shabby beard; his garb is not idyllic; his eye twinkles at a small joke; and as your observation wanders from those prosaic externals to the products of his vision and imagination, to the purple cloud, the snowy peak, the infinite graces of tree and flower, you wonder why these beauties, like "quick change" performers, should incarnate themselves in his unattractive shape. There is a popular entertainment at one of the music-halls, where a foreign gentleman impersonates a number of well-known musicians. He dives out of sight for a second or two, and comes up every time with a new head. The night I saw this exhibition, I was struck by the resentment of a neighbouring spectator, who objected to this portraiture of famous men, evidently on the score of their extreme unlikeness to the mimic. In the eyes of this critic they suffered "moral and intellectual damage" from such audacious jugglery. When I turn from lovely pictures to the painter, I want to say, "For heaven's sake, don't ask me to believe that such beautiful images were painted by such an ill-looking fellow! True, you are no uglier than I am; but that is irrelevant. Surely you must perceive, if only in the light of self-interest, that for these exquisite ideals to be disfigured in my sight by such an incredible projection as yourself is not to be endured!" I fancy this will be accepted as a decisive argument for rigidly maintaining the inaccessible privacy of the studio.

It was at the same music-hall that I witnessed a clear case of diabolical possession. A young man rode a bicycle; he made the front wheel paw the air; he took the machine to pieces, and careered around on the fragments; he crawled all over that bicycle, and tied himself in knots among the spokes. The entire house watched this spectacle breathlessly, without applause. Why, indeed, should we applaud the Evil One? I don't wish to provoke that uncanny young man to charge me with libelling his professional skill by ascribing it to demonology and witchcraft. All I say is, that if this delicate point were submitted to a really religious jury, composed of cyclists, I should have no fear of damages. In Anatole France's delightful satire, "*L'Orme du Mail*," a French provincial town is agitated by the performances of a hysterical girl who professes to be inspired by St. Radegonde. The *préfet* of the district, a confirmed agnostic, is alarmed by these manifestations, especially as St. Radegonde shows distinct unfriendliness to the Republic; so he persuades the archbishop of the diocese to suggest that, if there is anything supernatural in the business, it proceeds from the devil and not from the saint. This, in effect, is what I propose to the Cyclists' Union. Let them appoint a committee to sit in judgment on that young man, and declare that his horrible dexterity has an infernal origin. If this be not done, the bosoms of commonplace cyclists like myself will rage with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

I had this idea strong upon me the other morning, as I rode in Battersea Park, where the track, by the way, is sadly deteriorated. John Burns must see to this, if he is to maintain a precarious hold upon our affection for the people's tribune. Moreover, he must look after the kiosk. I alighted at that hostelry and ordered a bun. "No bunth," said a Hebrew servitor; "only macaroonth." No British buns at Battersea! Only the macaroon, with its insidious suggestion of a foreign domination! This won't do, John Burns! I can't sit down at your kiosk, and have these associations thrust upon me. "No bunth," indeed! I don't wonder that Sir Walter Besant complains of the degeneracy of our national sentiment. He wants a Day to be set apart for the annual glorification of the Anglo-Saxon race, which has hitherto refrained, with mistaken modesty, from singing its own praises to the world. Our school-boys are not taught the glories of their country's history. I dare say the bun is ceasing to figure at school-feasts, lest it should awake in the budding Anglo-Saxons that digestive capacity which has enabled Britain, in her unostentatious way, to swallow the unoccupied spaces of the universe. "Let us have a Shakspeare Day!" cries Sir Walter Besant. I have a better plan than that. Why not utilise Good Friday for a combination of religious and national sentiment, and a patriotic festival of hot-cross buns, crowned by a lecture from Sir Walter at the Albert Hall on the service of the bun to a swollen national pride?

I see this yearning for buns in certain comments on literature, and in the complaint of playgoers that Mr. Pinero's comedy has no story, and that it flouts our social fetish, the Dinner Hour. In one scene, some people return from a theatre, where they have sat through a five-act play. They are famished, poor things, and the hostess orders a large number of sandwiches. Buns, my dear Mr. Pinero, would be even more satisfying to these hollow fugitives from the stalls; but, even then, I doubt whether your satirical symbol would prick the Anglo-Saxon epidermis, though a distribution of buns during the waits at the St. James's might make your story a little more solid to the general apprehension. I take up *Blackwood's*, and I find a literary critic bewailing the displacement of the three-volume novel by the shorter story in one volume. This has none of the robust fulness of the bun; it is thin and crisp, like the macaroon; it has a dangerous foreign flavour, suggestive of wicked French writers who create men and women in the sphere of fiction, and compel them to do things which are contrary to the native virtue of their natural inclinations. "This is sinful," says the critic in *Blackwood's*, to whom I am grateful for a theory of original sin so piquantly at variance with orthodox theology.

Then there is a gentleman in *Temple Bar* who simply clamours for the virtuous bun. He wants all articles on important subjects to be as long as the essays in the old *Quarterly Review*. Stevenson, he admits, wrote pretty well, but had "no soul." This means no bun. Scott, now, was the Great Bun of our literature, as Johnson was the Great Cham. Scott's heroes are sustained by large and simple motives—loyalty, for instance, which is carried unflinchingly to the last chapter, leaving the *Temple Bar* critic fairly bursting with his favourite diet. This is the British bun in *ecceles*, and every current is an article of faith. Happless is he who finds this simple fare no longer appetising, and to whom Mr. F.'s Aunt says, with withering emphasis, "That chap has a proud stomach!"

THE GREYHAMPTON MYSTERY.

WHERE TO GO AT EASTER.

Tom Selby laid down the last batch of English papers which had reached us at Hammerhafn with a sudden cry of surprise. "Charlie," he cried, turning round to me, "just look over these reports, and tell me what you make of this Greyhampton mystery."

We were two young doctors who, anxious to earn a name for ourselves in science, had come to Norway on purpose to study that strange disease, the go-back, said to be induced among Norwegian fishermen during the anchovy season by excessive consumption of raw salt fish. It is a rapid disease, acting from the outset with extraordinary violence. No satisfactory cure, no mode of treatment, even, has yet been devised for it.

I took up the papers and read. This was a curious case. Yet, at first, my interest was but languidly aroused. The incidents seemed all of a stereotyped pattern. It was "Variety Number Seven" of the *drame passionnel*, according to Lombroso's luminous classification. You remember the circumstances: old Mr. Pargiter was a rich but cranky merchant at Greyhampton, engaged in the Norway trade; his wife, twenty years his junior, fell desperately in love with a curate named Gilbright; and while those two were conducting a clandestine correspondence, Mr. Pargiter died, with grave suspicions of poisoning. It was alleged by the Crown that Gilbright had given him arsenic, and, indeed, evidence was brought forward to show that Gilbright had bought that poison in considerable quantities at a local chemist's, though his counsel contended he used it only for preserving birds' skins, as he was an enthusiastic and learned ornithologist. However, it was clear that both Gilbright and Mrs. Pargiter were anxiously waiting till the rich old husband was safely out of the way, when they proposed to marry and live happily (and virtuously) ever after.

You will observe at once that, in the story so far, there was nothing more than Lombroso's familiar Case No. 7: "Wife has a lover and a rich husband. Lover poisons husband. Wife remains in ignorance of the circumstance."

But, as I read on and on, I came to the part to which Tom had so urgently called my attention. It was the medical evidence as to the dead man's symptoms, together with the analysis of the contents of his stomach.

Then my interest deepened. Tom watched me narrowly. "Well, what do you make of it all?" he inquired at last, eagerly.

I looked up from the paper. "Why, the go-back," I answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"So I think," he assented. "And as for arsenic—fudge! How could a man like Forbes-Elberby put down such symptoms as those to an irritant?"

I read to the end of the medical evidence. "Oh, it's as clear as mud!" I cried. "Here are the small black spots, and the temperature below normal, and the rigidity of the hands, and the final sense of total happiness!"

"Besides which," Tom put in, "the patient had been over at Lofoden just ten days previously."

"What did the jury do?" I cried.

"Found the parson guilty, of course," Tom answered.

I jumped up in horror. "When is the man to be hung?" I exclaimed.

"Not decided when papers left," Tom replied. "But, then, that was more than a week ago."

I made up my mind at once. "Tom," I cried, "we must save this poor fellow's life. The case is clear. There was no murder at all. We know every symptom. The man died of go-back."

"What can we do?" Tom inquired.

"Take the first chance of a coaster down to Bergen," I answered, "and telegraph at once to the Home Secretary!"

Oh, the long, dreary delays of that endless sail in a small fishing-smack down the Sound to Bergen! How we tacked and luffed! Would we ever reach our port? And if we did, would it be in time to save the innocent victim?

The moment we landed, I telegraphed in all haste: "We have been studying an obscure disease in Norway, and can lay before you evidence which will clearly show no murder at all took place at Greyhampton, thus exculpating Gilbright. We implore you to delay execution till we can produce our proofs. The disease was at Lofoden when Pargiter called there." We signed it with our names and medical credentials.

A few hours later a reply came back: "Home Secretary regrets execution of convict Gilbright took place at Newgate yesterday morning. Cholmondely Jevons, Private Secretary."

I was beside myself with indignation. I took the first steamer home, and laid the case at once before the Home Office.

Mr. Cholmondely Jevons received me; his chief was too busy. He listened politely but incredulously to my narrative. I showed him beyond a doubt that Pargiter had died of the Norwegian disease, acquired at Lofoden, but never till our time investigated with care by any medical man, either Norse or English. He gazed at me through his eyeglasses, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "Most regrettable—if true," he remarked at last, with official callousness.

"If only I could have been present at the trial!" I exclaimed. "I might have saved that man's life—I might have convinced the jury!"

The Private Secretary smiled again, an inscrutable smile. "My dear sir," he said, "you misunderstand the British juryman. And you forget Mrs. Maybrick. Twelve good men and true found Gilbright guilty of murder—not because it was proved he had poisoned the man, but because it was proved he had intrigued with the lady."

GRANT ALLEN.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway will issue to-day, to-morrow, and on Saturday cheap tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany, available for return on the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Friday. To-morrow a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the fixed night express service, from to-night to Sunday inclusive. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday day-trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday special cheap week-end return tickets to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Bognor, Portsmouth, Southsea, the Isle of Wight, &c., will be issued.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announce cheap day-excursions on Good Friday and Easter Monday to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, &c. A cheap excursion to Boulogne leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m. on Saturday, returning from Boulogne on Easter Monday at 2.18 p.m. Cheap tickets to Paris will be issued, at 9 a.m. (10 a.m. from Charing Cross only) and 9 p.m. to-morrow. Tickets available for fourteen days. Cheap tickets to Brussels, via Calais, will be issued from April 14 to 19, and the trains in connection leave Charing Cross at 9 a.m. (first and second class only) and 9 p.m., and Cannon Street at 9.5 a.m. (first and second class only) and 9.5 p.m. Tickets are available for eight days. Similar tickets will also be issued to Brussels, via Ostend.

The South-Western Railway will run a trip to the Channel Islands and Havre. Cheap tickets 25s., third class by train and fore-cabin by steamer, will be issued from Waterloo, Kensington, &c., to Guernsey, Jersey, and Havre, to-morrow, Good Friday, Saturday, and Easter Monday, available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within fourteen days of the date of issue. Similar tickets will be issued to St. Malo and Cherbourg on certain days. Cheap excursions will run from Waterloo to-morrow to Marlborough, Swindon, Cheltenham, Salisbury, Templecombe, Seaton, Sidmouth, &c.; Southampton West, Bournemouth, &c., the tickets being available to return on April 22, 23, or 24.

Cheap tickets at special low fares, and available on the forward journey on April 15, 16, 17, 18, or 19, will be issued by the Great Western to Bath, Bristol, Minehead, Ilfracombe, Exeter, and certain other stations in the South and West of England. Tickets at 25s. return, available for fourteen days, will also be issued for use on April 15, 17, or 19, to Guernsey and Jersey. To-day, excursions, allowing a fortnight in Ireland, will be run to Waterford, Limerick, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c. To-morrow an excursion, reaching Exeter in five hours and a half and Plymouth in seven hours and three-quarters, will leave Paddington at 7.55 a.m. On Good Friday cheap trains will run to Reading, Oxford, and other riverside stations.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce cheap excursions on Wednesday to the North of Ireland, and on the same day to Stafford, Crewe, Liverpool, Wigan, Bolton, Manchester, Oldham, Huddersfield, Bradford, Leeds, Carlisle, the English Lake District, &c., returning April 19 and 20. To-morrow to Shrewsbury, Llanwrtyd Wells, Wellington, Ludlow, Hereford, Wrexham, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Llandudno, &c., returning April 19, 20, or 24. To Douglas (Isle of Man), returning up to April 24, and also to the North of Ireland, the Midlands, North of England, and Scotland. On April 20 a cheap excursion will be run to Stratford-on-Avon for half-day.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that to-morrow night a cheap excursion will be run to Scotland, returning on Monday, or Friday, April 23. Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by the above excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return. To-morrow cheap excursions will also be run, for five and six days, to York, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Leeds, Wakefield, Doncaster, Liverpool, Southport, Manchester, Sheffield, Leicester, Derby, Norwich, Spalding, Wisbech, Cambridge, Romsey, &c.

The Midland Railway will run an excursion to-day to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., via Morecambe, returning within sixteen days as per sailing bill, and to-morrow to the same places, via Liverpool, returning any week-day within sixteen days. To-morrow cheap excursion trains will be run to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, &c., returning the following Monday or Tuesday; and to Douglas (Isle of Man), available for returning any week-day within ten days, and to Scotland, returning Monday, or Friday, April 23. Tickets will also be issued by the Scotch excursion at a single ordinary third-class fare for the double journey, available for returning on any day within sixteen days from date of issue.

For visiting Holland and Germany, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland, through carriages run to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne about noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Cheap tours have been arranged, via the Harwich-Antwerp route, for passengers wishing to visit Belgium. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers *Perseus* and *Scamander* will leave Harwich to-morrow and Saturday for Hamburg, returning Sunday and Wednesday.

The Zealand Steamship Company will take you to Flushing via Queenborough by their new paddle-steamers. You may reach Berlin from London in twenty hours, and Dresden in twenty-eight hours.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.'S
NEW NOVELS FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

In cloth gilt, SIX SHILLINGS each.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

THE DAGGER AND THE CROSS.

By FRANKFORT MOORE.

THE JESSAMY BRIDE. [Second Edition.

By A. WALL.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By ELLA MACMAHON.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF LIFE. [Second Edition.

By TOM GALLON.

TATTERLEY. [Second Edition.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT

A PASSING MADNESS.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

MAURICE QUAIN.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

ELEMENTARY JANE.

By MRS. ORPEN.

PERFECTION CITY.

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

SCARLET AND STEEL.

By A. C. GLYN.

A PEARL OF THE REALM.

By JOHN MACKIE.

THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS.

London: HUTCHINSON and CO., Paternoster Row.

THE FIRST EDITION of 4,000 COPIES will be READY TO-MORROW.
NEW BOOK ON THE TRANSVAAL.

By ARTHUR M. MANN.

THE TRUTH FROM JOHANNESBURG.

A VINDICATION OF THE PEOPLE.

In cloth, gilt, 2s.; in paper, 1s.

CONTENTS:

LOOKING BACKWARDS: THE RACE.	THE INTERLUDE.
"THE DOWNFALL."	THE INDIVIDUAL.
THE UPHEAVAL.	THE CRISIS.
	THE TREACHERY OF THE GOVERNMENT.
	THE CHECK.
	THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

THE LADY'S REALM
FOR APRIL

Contains a most interesting and profusely illustrated article on **THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE**; A Reply to MARIE CORELLI on the MODERN MARRIAGE MARKET by LADY JEUNE; Complete Stories by W. E. NORRIS, ROSA N. CAREY, and Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON; THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG at COBURG, beautifully illustrated; LADIES OF THE VICE-REGAL COURT, fully illustrated; LADS' LOVE, by S. R. CROCKETT; Contributions by the COUNTESS OF JERSEY, VISCOUNT MAITLAND, NORMAN GALE, &c. With 123 Illustrations, beautifully printed on art paper, complete, price 6d.

London: HUTCHINSON and CO., Paternoster Row.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

In 1 vol., 6s.

UNDER LOVE'S RULE.

A Novel, by the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "London Pride," &c., &c.

London: SIMPKIN and CO., Ltd., and all Booksellers.

RAMSGATE.—THE GRANVILLE HOTEL.
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Turkish and Ozon Baths in the Building. Commanding Unique Views of the World's Highway for Shipping. Bracing and Invigorating Ocean Air. FISHING, YACHTING, COACHING. SPECIAL GRANVILLE EXPRESS DAILY.
Under entirely New Management. CARL G. GRUNHOLD, Manager.

HUMBER CYCLES.—A perfect Catalogue has been produced by Messrs. Humber and Co., Limited. From first to last each page is full of Artistic Merit, combined with an Exhaustive Description of their Machines. A Copy, containing the names of English Agents, will be sent post-free from the London Depot, 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

The following **NEW BOOKS** will be ready on April 22.

OLD CORCORAN'S MONEY. By RICHARD DOWLING. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A MINION OF THE MOON: A Romance of the King's Highway. By T. W. SPEIGHT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN. By Sir WALTER BESANT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MR. JERVIS. By B. M. CROKER. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By MARK TWAIN. (Uniform with the other Volumes of the NEW COLLECTED LIBRARY EDITION.) With 312 Illustrations, crown 8vo, blue cloth, 3s. 6d.

GHETTO TRAGEDIES. By I. ZANGWILL. With 3 Illustrations by A. S. BOYD. Long fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

A LEVANTINE FAMILY. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A POINT OF CONSCIENCE. By Mrs. HUNGERFORD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE WHITE VIRGIN. By G. MANVILLE FENN. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

THE HARDING SCANDAL. By FRANK BARRETT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ACADEMY NOTES, 1897, with Illustrations of the Principal Pictures at Burlington House, will be published as usual on the OPENING DAY of the ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. Price ONE SHILLING.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. By Sir WALTER BESANT. With 144 Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

LOVING. By Mrs. HUNGERFORD, Author of "Molly Bawn." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"In 'Dolly' and the rest we recognise the old, light, humorous touch which is distinctly Mrs. Hungerford's own. . . . 'Loving' will not fail of widening the popularity of its author."—GLASGOW HERALD.

DULCIE EVERTON. By E. LYNN LINTON. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.

"A strong and impressive story."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

CAVALRY LIFE AND REGIMENTAL LEGENDS. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. A New Edition. The Two Series in One Volume. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BEYOND THE PALE: An Irish Romance, By B. M. CROKER, Author of "Diana Barrington." Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.

"Mrs. Croker's knowledge of Irish life and character is revealed in its strength and fulness in this capital story. . . . The story over-brims with life, and is the best told of Irish stories we have read for many a day."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

WITH THE RED EAGLE: A Romance of the Tyrol. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

"A rattling tale of military adventure, with a pleasant undercurrent of romance. . . . A tale brim-full of exciting incident."—SPECTATOR.

SEBASTIAN'S SECRET. By S. E. WALLER. Illustrated by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"A bright love tale, with two charming heroines."—BLACK AND WHITE.

A MISSING WITNESS. By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "The Sin of Olga Zassoulch." With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"It interests us from the very starting point."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

NEW TWO-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE GOOD SHIP "MOHOCK." By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

MOUNT DESPAIR. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE. By Sir WALTER BESANT.

AT MARKET VALUE. By GRANT ALLEN.

THE PRINCE OF BALKISTAN. By ALLEN UPWARD.

LADY PATTY. By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.

THE NEW LYCEUM DRAMA.

MADAME SANS-GENE. (Founded on SARDOU and MOREAU'S Play.) By EDMOND LEPELLETIER. Translated by John De Villiers. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

London: CHATTO AND WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

AN APOLOGY.

THE NITRATE RAILWAYS COMPANY, LIMITED.

The following Letter of Apology has been addressed to Mr. ROBERT HARVEY, Chairman, and Mr. R. R. LOCKETT and Mr. J. J. SMITH, Directors of the Nitrate Railways Company, Limited, by Mr. HERBERT ALLEN, editor of the *Railway Times*, pursuant to one of the terms of Agreement for discontinuance of the several actions for libel instituted by them against him in the High Court of Justice—

2, Exeter Street, Strand, London, W.C.,

March 13, 1897.

Dear Sir,

I have already offered you an apology for the erroneous statement which I made in my Circular to the Shareholders, and in the *Railway Times*, in reference to the issue of the Bonus Shares of the Company. I now wish to follow a similar course with regard to my statements referring to the contract with the Tarapaca Waterworks Company. I find from what has since come to my knowledge that I was in error in stating that you and Mr. J. J. Smith and Mr. R. R. Lockett had disposed of all but about 400 of your shares in the Water Company, and consequently I was in error in the deductions I drew in the seventh paragraph of my Circular of November 5th, 1896, from that misconception of facts. I now entirely acquit you of any improper motives in reference to the contract between the two Companies, and for any annoyance caused to you in this connection I frankly express my regret and offer an unreserved apology.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) HERBERT ALLEN.

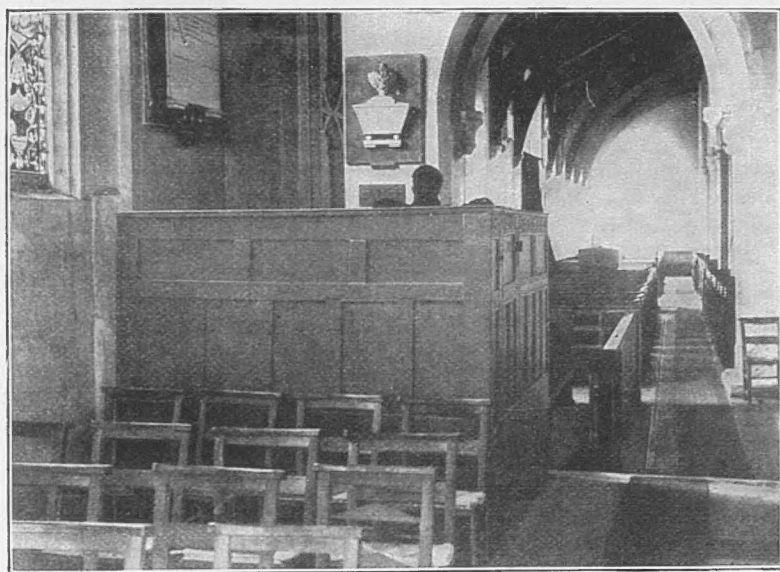
SMALL TALK.

Mr. Tim Healy has lately pervaded Parliament. He attends only at intervals, a few weeks at a time. There is an eminent Scotch lawyer with a safe seat who seldom comes to Westminster except when he has an appeal case before the House of Lords, and when here he improves his time by taking part in as many divisions as possible. Mr. Healy is not content with adding to his record of divisions. He intervenes in all sorts of debates. Nothing is beneath his notice, nothing too high for his ambition. His temper varies. On the occasion of some of his visits he is complaisant and complimentary. During his latest visit his mood has been bitter. He was shut out of the financial debate, Mr. T. P. O'Connor catching the Speaker's eye when it was sought by Mr. Healy. To be set aside in favour of "T. P." was an unpardonable indignity, and the slighted Tim avenged his wrongs on the Speaker, on the Government, and on the House at large, by personal, pertinacious, and pugnacious criticism of everybody and everything.

There is no man with more ingenuity than Mr. Healy in the making of an interesting speech on a petty point. No one can sail nearer to irrelevance. Nothing comes before Parliament which has not an Irish point of view. Upon a road in Kingstown or a school in Wales his speech is as voluble, as sarcastic—aye, even as humorous—as upon the loftiest of themes. His style is never finished, but always forcible; it slips easily from pathos to Billingsgate. He seldom speaks at any length without coining a new verb out of an old noun; yet his meaning is never in doubt. When Mr. Healy is away, Mr. Dillon takes the corner seat on the third bench below the Opposition gangway. When he is on this side of St. George's Channel no one disputes his claim to the corner. With arms folded and legs crossed, he watches the

which it is our happiness for him to live. Britain has often chafed his æsthetic soul, and he has spoken his wrath with concentration and directness; but perhaps the impartiality of British law, of which he has had so gratifying an example, will mellow his ideas of a land which suffers the perpetual misfortune of not having produced either himself or Mr. Whistler.

What a mania the world has developed for the celebration of centenaries. Only a few weeks since it appears that, in the Fatherland, they celebrated the hundredth anniversary of that prince of liars Baron Munchausen. I must confess that I had always believed this personage had existed only in fiction; indeed, I considered him to have been created towards the close of last century by one Raspe, a certain German refugee, who was a protégé of Horace Walpole, and who pursued the calling of a mining agent with some success at Dolcoath, in Cornwall. There is, I believe, no doubt that Raspe wrote and published "The Surprising Adventures of the Baron" while "storemaster" of the old Dolcoath Mine in 1786, and it is probable that generations of youthful and perhaps adult readers have believed that familiar and black-patched visage under its cocked hat was the imaginary countenance of an entirely imaginary individual. I find, however, that the Baron Jerome Charles Frederic von Munchausen was a real German officer, who served in several real campaigns with the Russians against the Turks. His imagination, however, in his later years appears to have been too much for his sense of truth, and on his extraordinary tales Raspe doubtless founded his immortal book. Raspe is stated to have had another connection with literature. From Cornwall he went in 1789 to Caithness, to discover precious metal for Sir John Sinclair of Alister, and here he is said to have "salted" his patron's property with specimens laboriously transferred from distant Cornwall, which, as time went on, became



THE HALLIDAY PEW IN WARMINSTER CHURCH.



THE PEW THROWN OUT INTO THE ADJOINING FIELD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FUTCHER, WARMINSTER.

Government with a pair of the sharpest eyes that ever glared through glasses. To Mr. Healy the Radicals are sometimes indebted for the smartest of their manoeuvres. He is as familiar with the rules of the House as with the trains between London and Holyhead, and his ingenuity in using these rules against the Government is unsurpassed. Yet, strange to say, the House does not dislike Mr. Healy. Humour covers a multitude of Parliamentary offences.

Another interesting relic of old London is soon to be swept away, in the shape of the old tavern in Fetter Lane, opposite Norwich Court, known as the Magpie and Stump. Its establishment dates back to the commencement of the seventeenth century, and under its roof Edmund Waller, the poet, and Tomkins and Challoner met together to concoct a scheme to obtain possession of the City for the Royalists. Their plans, however, were overheard by a servant of Tomkins, who betrayed them to the notorious "Praise-God Barebone," who also resided in Fetter Lane. Tomkins and Challoner paid for the conspiracy with their lives, but Waller escaped by feigning bitter repentance. The Magpie and Stump has been the resort of many other famous men—of Dryden and Otway, both residents in Fetter Lane, of Hobbes, the author of the "Leviathan," and of Dr. Harvey, the great discoverer.

The great "lithograph" case has been decided in Mr. Pennell's favour, and he has now the moral support not only of Mr. Whistler, but also of a British jury. I dare say the jury are not much wiser on the subject of lithographs than they were before, but their verdict shows that they have absolute faith in Mr. Pennell's personal integrity. Henceforward, this will take its place as a moral axiom beside Sir Henry Irving's acting. When Mr. Bigham, Q.C., remarked, by way of illustration, that disbelief in Sir Henry as an actor was a matter of opinion, Mr. Justice Mathew was deeply shocked. You must never, even for the sake of hypotheses, throw any shadow on Sir Henry Irving, the British Constitution, or Mr. Pennell. Now he is established on this pedestal, I hope Mr. Pennell will show some indulgence to the institutions among

"small by degrees and beautifully less," and then the bubble burst. Sir Walter Scott is said to have founded his Dousterswivel of "The Antiquary" upon this amusing impostor.

That familiar "small by degrees" that I have quoted above, and which, by the way, is one of the time-honoured misquotations of the English language, will be found by my readers to be a real puzzler to the majority even of those who pride themselves on their knowledge of familiar quotations. Only a few days since I was told by an old friend of the late Lord Beaconsfield that the astute statesman delighted in setting this trap for his acquaintances, asking, in a casual manner, "By the way, can you tell me who wrote those words 'Small by degrees and beautifully less'?" On one occasion he was, however, "hoist with his own petard," for a remarkably well-informed gentleman to whom he put the question replied at once, "No one," giving a second barrel to this effect, that "his lordship would find the actual quotation by Prior in his own novel, 'Henrietta Temple.'"

Men never quarrel more bitterly perhaps than over a woman or a church squabble. The other day I referred to the deadly dispute that has waged round the Halliday family pew in Warminster Parish Church. The church has been restored at a cost of ten thousand pounds, but Mr. J. E. Halliday, exercising an ancient legal right (confirmed some six years ago by the House of Lords), ruthlessly thrust his unsightly old family pew into the minster. Prayer-meetings were held in vain. Then the lower man stepped in, for the other night somebody ("or bodies," as the local paper puts it) got into the church and removed the cumbrous old pew, and threw it over the churchyard wall into the adjoining field. The pew stood over five feet high, so that its bodily removal was out of the question. It was found, however, to have been taken to pieces and removed from the church by that means. There was a strong smell of paraffin about the demolished pew, and it was evident that an attempt had been made to burn it, this being probably frustrated by the heavy rain. The matter is in the hands of the police.

Mr. George N. Williams, late of Nazareth Hall, Pa., relates in the *New York World* how he became a sweetheart of May Yohe when she was fourteen. She lived at Bethlehem, Pa., and perhaps I had better explain that neither Nazareth nor Bethlehem in the State of Pennsylvania has any specially religious associations. Mr. George N. Williams took a day's holiday from school to spend it with May;



MISS MAY YOHE AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.
From the *New York "World."*

but she flirted with another admirer till the evening, when "she kissed me good-night, with her conscience doubtless at rest with herself and the world." It is natural that this anecdote, which illustrates the delicacy of George N. Williams, should find a place in Mr. Pulitzer's paper, which is the well-known repository of beautiful confidences. Over here such an incident might excite a suspicion that George N. Williams wanted to advertise himself anyhow, especially as he alludes with gusto to Miss Yohe's aristocratic marriage. Does he wish he had known Belle Bilton at the tender

age of fourteen, seeing that she has since become Countess of Clancarty? But in New York everybody who tells anecdotes to the *World* is animated by the highest motives. It is possible, however, after the revelation of George N. Williams, that sprightly girls of fourteen will hesitate before they kiss good-night to youths from Nazareth Hall, Pa. It might be worth while to exact an affidavit that any such endearment shall not be sold to Mr. Pulitzer in the event of the kissing girl becoming famous in "comic" opera.

By the way, a number of American theatrical managers have just been interviewed on the question of employing married couples in the same company. Mrs. Kendal notwithstanding, there seems to be a general impression that the interest of the audience is weakened when stage-lovers are known to be husband and wife, or even engaged to be married. If this were really so, many of our most popular actors and actresses would look forward to their wedding-day with gloomy forebodings. However, opinions seem to be very much divided. Mr. Charles Frohman declares that for his part he would never refuse to engage an actor and an actress simply because they were man and wife. Daniel Frohman goes further, and asserts that the presence of a respectable married or soon-to-be-married couple in any company is beneficial to its general tone, and he quotes the excellent example set by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Tree, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. Mr. E. H. Sothorn also points out that it would be a sad thing if any rule were adopted forbidding a married couple to take any parts for which they are otherwise fitted. As for the members of "the profession" themselves, they strike no uncertain note. Mr. Lewis Mann writes that he never knew what real success was until he got married, and he adds significantly that if one's wife is in the company she will tell one the exact truth about one's work, which the other members of the troupe will not do! The lady who has inspired these reflections goes even further, and says, "My advice to every young woman on the stage is to lose no time in getting married." The most decided adverse opinion to matrimony is that expressed by Mr. Hammerstein, who even prohibits the wearing of rings on the stage. Also, he seems surprised and angry that so many actresses should love to exhibit these "metallic certificates of connubial bliss."

Admirers of that charming actress Miss Alma Murray will be pleased to learn that she will take a prominent part in the Shakspeare Festival which Mr. Ben Greet has arranged for at the Metropole, Camberwell. For the Easter week I understand that "As You Like It" will be the attraction at this popular suburban house, and Miss Murray will, of course, play the part of the ever-fresh and delightful Rosalind. Excerpts from this rôle have been sometimes included in Miss Alma Murray's recitations, but this will be the first time that she has essayed the part on the stage. Those who recall her great success as Portia at the Lyceum, her beautiful rendering of Juliet at Edinburgh, her Mildred Tresham, and her Colombe may be justified in anticipating an artistic treat in this forthcoming performance. The poetic atmosphere which surrounds this artist and her beautiful delivery of blank verse have always given to her performances of high-class romantic plays a very remarkable individuality and charm.

The principle of naming new streets in the suburbs has always been a puzzle to me. In the most commonplace quarters you find the most high-sounding names. They become very grotesque when the hand of decay touches those places which have been deserted by their original christeners in that strange exodus that goes on further and further

from the heart of London Town. But as I wander through these suburbs vainly searching for a friend's house, I am moved to sentimentalism—

From the City (as we dub *Urbs*)
I go wandering in the suburbs
And discover quite a hank'ring after culture,
For the dwellers act as debtors
To the mighty men of letters
By a method that is kinder than sepulture.
Here's a lane named after Byron,
You may find it to environ
A terrace that is titled after Weller;
And you possibly may falter
On a crescent christened Walter,
In the honour of the wizard story-teller.
I have known a tiny villa
(With an undersized *ancilla*)
To support the appellation of "Deronda"
And I've seen a simple cottage,
Which suggested milk and pottage,
With a libel of a label like "Golconda."
I have paced a street "Æolian,"
And an avenue "Napoleon,"
In pursuance of the fashionable mania;
I have walked a row called Zenda,
As a sort of dear credenda
To the faith inspired by Hope in Ruritania.
I have wandered through a pleasant
Little bungalow called Besant,
And a garden that they have entitled "Austine,"
And I've seen a "nook" "Corelli"
(Who is such a *casus belli*)—
But "Gwen" is far more popular than "Faustine."
It is strange to see affixed on,
Say, a domicile in Brixton,
The name of any heroine of Hardy,
Yet 'twere thoroughly suburb
To annex the doughty Durbey,
Or a Tressady from Mrs. Humphry Ward, eh?

The Orient is the luring star of the moment. My contributor Mr. S. L. Bensusan, along with Mr. Zangwill and several other young Hebrews who take a keen interest in everything that concerns their race, left for Jerusalem last week; and on Thursday Mrs. Ormiston Chant, accompanied by half-a-dozen nurses, left to succour the sick in Crete. The scene at Charing Cross Station was a striking one. Mrs. Chant, clad in a Quaker-grey nurse's costume, with a big red cross over her heart, was kissed effusively by Lady Henry Somerset, and the ubiquitous photographer made good his chance. The *Daily Mail* humorously suggests that Greece specially calls for Mrs. Chant's attention, inasmuch as the soldiers there wear ballet skirts.

On Friday next the great Jewish holiday of the Passover will be ushered in, and the lovers of the picturesque will enjoy a very fine sight if they will travel down to the East End to see the inaugural preparations in the Ghetto. By the Ghetto, I mean, of course, the streets on the left of the traveller coming from Aldgate Station, and comprising Middlesex, Wentworth, and Goulston Streets. The sight has been described often enough by enterprising journalists whose accounts are not published until the day is over. This time the warning will come in time—at any rate, to *Sketch* readers. Thursday and Friday will



MRS. CHANT AND THE NURSES FOR CRETE.
Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

do equally well, and the sight will not be readily forgotten. Few travelled Englishmen will fail to recognise the truly Eastern aspect of the place, with its seething crowd of Russian and Polish immigrants.

Ever since the carrying out of the experiment which prompted Hawthorne's famous book, social colonies, or phalansteries, have been the fashion in America. The latest community of the kind has established itself in Central Tennessee, and its promoters already claim to have solved the labour question. "Ruskin," as the colony have chosen to call their estate, is a thriving community of some two hundred souls.

Each member receives the same wages, sick or well, no matter what his work, and every member is guaranteed employment by all. The labour-day is fixed at nine hours, and, though there is no interference with individual tastes or religious or domestic affairs, everyone is expected to surrender that instinct for natural freedom leading human beings to disregard the rights of others. The association owns all the land, and the means of production and distribution, but each individual can claim as his property his household furniture and his clothing. Members have separate houses, but enjoy a common kitchen and dining-hall.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has been interviewed on the vexed question of wealth and the prospects of acquiring it in the future. He considers that opportunities of becoming rich have decreased, and there will soon be no new worlds left to conquer. On the other hand, he believes that there will never be a real American aristocracy of wealth, for, speaking as a notable lawyer who has had a great deal to do with millionaires, he asserts that the Vanderbilts and the Astors alone can claim to have increased the wealth left to them by a former generation. Commodore Vanderbilt once observed that "any fool can make money, but it takes a



THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

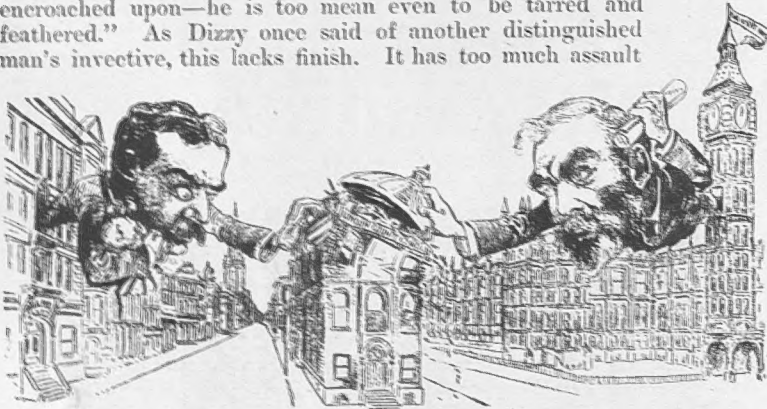
These latter-day disciples of Auguste Comte are nearly all Americans, though there are a few Germans among them. Ruskin needs no police and no officials, save a Notary Public and a Postmaster. The principal business of the community is the publishing of a Socialistic weekly paper, which, though it receives no advertisements and prints no news, has an outside circulation of thirty-five thousand copies. The editors and other members of the staff receive for their literary work precisely the same wages as do the wood-choppers and stable- and farm-men. By the way, applicants for admission to this ideal spot are required to pass a stiff examination in Socialism.

very wise man to keep it." Most men who have made money in the States risk their fortunes again and again, and not infrequently their luck turns. The millionaire of the future, according to Mr. Depew, will be the man with an inventive brain; thus, he who perfects an electric motor will do well, while the patentee of a really practical flying-machine will revolutionise the world and make a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice. A good deal can be made in the way of improving on existing inventions. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Chauncey Depew is a determined enemy of the "Trust system," and he deplores any combination of capital enabling a few to fix the price of a necessity of life.

Truly we Englishmen are a happy, contented, phlegmatic race. The muzzling order is once more upon us, and, in spite of the trouble, worry, cruelty, and absurdity of the matter, we are quite quiet. In France there would be a fall of the Ministry and barricades all along the boulevards; in Brazil there would be a revolution, in Spain a riot, in Turkey a massacre, in Greece a remonstrance, in America a demonstration, in the Fatherland a telegram followed by awkward revelations from Friedrichsruhe. But here the people who do not own dogs remark that their withers are unwrung; dog-owners recite an Englishman's shortest prayer, and order the most approved form of muzzle. County Councils make orders, and we obey them. No wonder the rabid Socialist and militant Anarchist wear their lungs out in the Park o' Sundays; no wonder the perfervid leader-writer rages and the paragraph-monger imagines a vain thing. The Englishman will not fly into a passion under any circumstances, and even though some enterprising contemporary were to despatch a Special Commissioner to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, and have a special cable service and late editions, I believe the Englishman would remain unmoved.

The *Land Magazine*, the latest shilling monthly, is not, as might be supposed, an organ of Henry Georgeism. Conducted by the editor of the *Land Agent's Record*, it has other aims in view, such as are of first-rate importance to everybody connected with the soil under its present conditions, more especially in this country.

John Burns has favoured the New York *World* with his opinion of Mr. Astor. It is an amplification of some remarks which the member for Battersea made on the same subject in the House of Commons. Mr. Astor is accused of using the *Pall Mall Gazette* to champion his private interests against the civic weal. The proprietor of the *P.M.G.* lives next door to the offices of the County Council, and objects to the erection of a City Hall worthy of the municipal spirit of London. "The migratory money-bag," says John Burns, "a patriot only when his property is threatened, a citizen only when his comfort is encroached upon—he is too mean even to be tarred and feathered." As Dizzy once said of another distinguished man's invective, this lacks finish. It has too much assault



NEW YORK "WORLD'S" IDEA OF JOHN BURNS' ATTACK ON MR. ASTOR.

and battery, or Battersea. But it is appetising stuff for the readers of the *World*, and shows the comprehensive art with which Mr. Pulitzer's organ caters for its readers.

Mr. Blake, M.P., is a gentleman who is still something of a mystery to the public, and after his recent speech on Irish Finance in the House of Commons it was natural that one should refer to the responsible Press for some summary of the effect which he had produced upon his audience. Here are two authoritative accounts—

I am bound to say that the House, in spite of its being hostile to Mr. Blake's ideas, acted splendidly. It listened in breathless attention throughout; there was not a murmur of dissent, although, of course, dissent was present; and, altogether, the assembly as it looked—silent, rapt, and respectful to this great orator—looked in as fine and in as exalted a mood as I have ever beheld it. . . . The House of Commons is quick to recognise the men who have a right to sway it, and it has definitely made up its mind that Mr. Blake is one of these men.—"T.P." in the *Weekly Sun*, April 4, 1897.

Mr. Blake, who led the attack, is a high-stepping hearse-horse, a fluid and fluent speaker, and his speech had no effect upon the House. The Commons are more amenable to gentle persuasion than to the methods Mr. Blake learnt in the Canadian Parliament.—*Saturday Review*, April 3, 1897.

Who shall say, after this, that Macaulay, when he quoted his authorities, wrote false history? I can imagine two paragraphs in the manner of the great historian, each based on one of these apparently unimpeachable authorities, and somewhat on the following lines—

One of Blake's most intimate friends has left a record of that eventful night. A full House listened with rapt and excited attention to a speech that lasted for more than two hours. When, with a gesture of fatigue that Garrick might have envied, the great orator sank to his seat, the storm of enthusiasm that burst forth demonstrated conclusively that in Blake the Commons had recognised one destined to lead their debates and to sway their councils.

Or in this fashion, after Macaulay's more staccato manner—

Blake had brought with him from Canada a reputation for high oratorical ability, and his friends confidently predicted for him a great Parliamentary career. But his manner was too self-conscious and deliberate for an audience accustomed to the quiet humour of a Harcourt and the conversational confidences

of a Balfour. The House listened to his fluent phrases with coldness and with some resentment. When he had finished, a member, more eager to prove his wit than to show his courtesy, compared him to a high-stepping hearse-horse, and he was told pretty plainly to go back to Canada. It was hinted that, however highly his solemn lectures might be appreciated by the Canadian Parliament, they were altogether unsuited to the temper of the Commons of England. Thus is history made.

Herne Hill, most sedate of suburbs, has positively initiated a quite new form of public protest. The residents in Rollscourt Avenue, one of the new roads adjacent to Herne Hill proper, are in a high state of indignation about the condition of their road, and, in order to stir up the Vestry to a sense of their duty, half-a-dozen men, in white smocks with scarlet discs upon them lettered "Danger," are perambulating the neighbourhood, delivering hand-bills detailing the alleged grievances, and accompanied by a remarkable "object lesson" in the form of a second hand-bill, which I reproduce. If this does not have the desired effect, the Vestry must be stony-hearted in truth.



Speaking of health, I note that the Medical Officer of Health for the Port of London destroyed during the last six months of 1895 2758 carcasses and 1469 pieces of mutton and lamb, 14 quarters and 30 pieces of beef, 2 tons of bacon and hams, 18 casks of horse-beef, 496 tins meat, 45 cases salmon, 2909 lobsters in jelly, 41 cases desiccated soup, 4270 tins and 74 cases rabbits, 196 cases condensed milk, 7100 crates bananas, 5000 boxes oranges, 146 packages of fruit and vegetables, sundry small parcels consisting of apricots, bacon, brawn, cheese, chestnuts, confectionery, currants, hams, kidneys, olives, oxtails, peaches, persimmons, pickles, pines, suet, sultanas, tomatoes, tongues, tripe, &c.

At this season of the year foreign tours are very popular. All the neighbouring Continental cities with any claim to attractiveness receive their contingent of English visitors at Eastertide, and some advertisers are impudent enough to refer to the beautiful surroundings of the places to which they are arranging tours. Do Englishmen really realise the extraordinary beauty of the English spring, that they go so readily to foreign lands? Do the men who take a few days' holiday in Paris, Brussels, or Rome know what the New Forest, the Isle of Wight, Hindhead, the Peak Country, and the Lake District are like at the time of year? It is curious to meet people who know Europe fairly well and have never been to the places I have just enumerated. Travelling, like charity, should begin at home, especially in the case of people who go to see fine views. No country can touch rural England in point of natural attractiveness at Eastertide, and, if more excursions were arranged to conduct travellers through the beautiful parts of their own country, there would be more money kept in England and quite as much pleasure received for it.

Miss Aileen D'Orme, who figures in "The Yashmak," is an apt pupil of Marchesi. She is, I believe, of Irish birth, but she has spent a good many years in Paris, where she has sung at concerts, though not on the stage, and in America, where she was very successful in light opera.

Fifty years ago all London was looking forward to an Easter pageant called "The Desert," at Drury Lane. "Lalla Rookh" was taken as a background to the piece, but into this was introduced a great circus. The procession of this troupe from Euston Station to Farringdon Street,

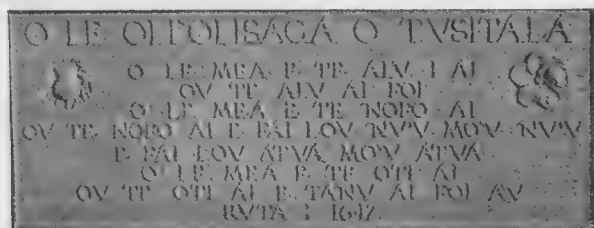


A CIRCUS PROCESSION IN FARRINGTON STREET FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

via Piccadilly and Westminster Bridge, on March 22, was a great event. The proprietor of the circus, Mr. Hughes, occupied the middle of the procession, which included camels and elephants and horses—just as you would see in a little country town to-day.

San Francisco has long been devoted to R. L. Stevenson. You may remember the picture of the window which Mr. William Doxey, the enterprising publisher of the capital of Bret Harte-land, dressed out with Stevenson's books and which was reproduced in these pages. And now the editor of his amusing paper, the *Lark*, Mr. Gelett Burgess, has designed a tablet in memory of Stevenson, which I reproduce from the *Wave* of San Francisco. By this time the bronze tablets designed to mark



THE NAME-PLATE FOR STEVENSON'S TOMB (IN SAMOAN AND ENGLISH).
Designed by Gelett Burgess.

the grave of the great Scots writer are on their way to Samoa. As most people know, it was by Stevenson's own desire that he was buried on the top of Yae Vaea Mountain, and his tomb in every respect resembles that of a Samoan chief. It consists of a simple block of concrete resting upon a platform of the same material. On each side of this curious sarcophagus will be fastened the two tablets. On the one is inscribed the "requiem" written by himself many years ago, and simply setting forth the years of his birth and death, the Greek Alpha and Omega, "the Beginning and the End." On the other tablet will run, in Samoan, "The High Chief Grave of Tusitala," with the Scottish thistle and the hibiscus of the South Seas, and two verses from the Book of Ruth in the Samoan language—

Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.

Even now pilgrimages are constantly made to the spot where lies the "Teller of Tales," as the Samoans christened him after the publication of a translation of "The Bottle Imp," and there is no doubt that the moment some benefactor to mankind has invented or devised a mode of locomotion annihilating distance as we now understand it, that mountain-top in the South Sea Islands will become one of the pilgrim places of the world.

I regret to note that the *Lark* has stopped its carolling with the issue of this month (No. 24). Rarely has the journalism of eccentricity reached such a point as in this little periodical. It will long be memorable for the delightful nonsense-verse of Mr. Gelett Burgess, who eclipsed himself with his famous "Purple Cow"—

I never saw a purple cow—
I never wish to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

Mr. Doxey announces that he will issue an Epilogue to the *Lark*, "containing certain phases of the intimate history" of the paper.

Meantime, our own particular, eccentric *To-Morrow* goes on its way rejoicing, evidently recompensing Mr. J. T. Grein, its editor, for the loss of his beloved Independent Theatre, which was so very dependent on private subscriptions. The eccentricity of *To-Morrow* resides, I think, chiefly in its size. It is a periodical parallelogram of forces the nature of which I have never been able to discover. For instance, in the current issue, Mr. Seton-Karr writes on our natural food-supply in time of war; another article deals with the future of our trade and industries; Miss Norma Labouchere deals with her favourite subject, book-plates; Mr. Thomas Common appraises Mr. Balfour's recent book from the Nietzsche standpoint; and Nero is biographed under the title of "The Life and Death of an Artist." The most consistent note of *To-Morrow* has been the shrill diatribes directed against the mummer by one Stanley Jones. To this Mr. Max Beerbohm replies very sensibly this month, stating the obvious in his neat, non-obvious way. The actor reminds him of a pet bird. When it dies "there may be for those who knew it in the day of its song and its ruffling plumage some poor comfort in the sight of its stuffed body. For others there is only a sense of depression." Let me add that to any sensible person the paragraphs about an actor's intentions are usually grotesque. How long does an actor-manager hold by any proposal he may make? To chronicle his intentions is about as sensible as the dear old problem—how to utilise the smoke of great cities.

Equally silly and tedious is the perpetual belittling of certain managers which goes on, week in and week out, in certain of my contemporaries. It has all the air of being generated by the pigeon-holed play. And, in any case, it is of infinitesimal public interest, and in reaching the depths of personality which it does, about the poor man's clothes and his pedigree, it is merely caddish.

Mr. John Lane has turned the tables on his critics. From one cause or another the Bodley Head has been barbered by divers hands, notably by that remarkable jingler Mr. Owen Seaman, whose "Ballad of the Bodley Bun," in imitation of Mr. John Davidson, is one of the most clever parodies of recent times. Under the title of "Accepted Addresses," Mr. Lane has reprinted the jests of six other jibbers, including a *Sketch* rhymier, who have operated on the Bodley Head. Like everything he issues, the booklet is perfect in point of *format*, and the fact that only five-and-twenty copies have been thrown off gives it an additional interest. I venture to suggest to Mr. Lane that, in the event of a second edition, he might prefix as a motto the line from the sad story of Patience Caryl, so charmingly told by Mr. Austin Dobson—

'Tis a long Lane that has no Turning, John.

Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, who vanished from the Gaiety Theatre, to the grief of divers "chappies," seems to be a great favourite in America. She has been performing in the "Foundling," a piece which, according to a San Francisco critic, depends entirely on "her wink and her kick." She does not appear till the middle of the second act, and the aforesaid critic remarks, "I utter a prayer of fervent thankfulness and gratitude for the managerial wisdom that has kept her off the stage so long, and permits her to return so infrequently." This does not prevent the versatile Mr. Gelett Burgess from expatiating on "Cissy's Wink" in the San Francisco *Wave*. Mr. Burgess has written a Samoan inscription for Stevenson's tomb, and yet he is not above winks and kicks. This affability tempted Cissy to give Mr. Burgess a special illustration of her chief accomplishment, which is thus described: "Cissy's wink is like that of the wax doll which has to be bent double before the eyes close. It is a wink that must carry clear to the gallery. She places her hands on her hips, she cocks her head on one side, she unfurls a broad grin, and shoots off the wink as if she was (*sic*) firing a pistol." Mr. Burgess's grammar is probably better in Samoan than in his native American. I give his touching words because they will cause



MISS CISSY FITZGERALD.
Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

heartache among the patrons of the Gaiety. Will not Lord Salisbury make it a condition of any further discussion of arbitration with America that "Cissy's wink" shall be sent back to us?

The name of the author of "Famous British Warships," dealt with in these pages the other week, is Mr. Walter Wood, not Hood, as printed.

Apropos of the article in this issue about the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, I wonder if you know what a "summer butterfly" is? If you were skilled in the ways of the cabby you would know that it is the small tradesmen who turn cabmen during the season, returning to their legitimate occupation when autumn sets in. "Butterflies" are being gradually weeded out by the police, and a man is allowed to take out a cabdriver's licence only when he can prove that he is what he represents himself to be. A cabman's earnings greatly depend, I may say, on luck; accordingly, the weekly wage may range from as low as ten shillings to as high as two pounds at certain seasons. The hours, as you know, are exceedingly long. Supposing a man turns out at 10 a.m.; he drives the same horse from six to seven hours, and then, changing horses, goes on till three in the morning. There is not so

much difference between hansom-cab drivers and the four-wheel men as the public seem to imagine. Not unfrequently drivers change and change about; thus a four-wheeler who feels that the moving of heavy boxes is past his strength will take to a hansom; or again, the hansom cabby who finds that his exposed position brings on rheumatism and kindred ills will change in favour of the more jogtrot vehicle. There is scarcely a well-known cabdriver in London but has his own special appellation, generally given to him in view of some physical or mental peculiarity. Some idea of the literary attainments and wide knowledge of cabby can be given you by the fact that among the nicknames may be found "Trilby," "Lord Randolph Churchill," "Flop-the Beadle," "Ulster Jack," "Sweet Apple Joe," "Busy Bee," "Garibaldi," "Nicodemus," and "Four-in-hand." Not unfrequently the men are known to one another only by their pseudonym.

The literature of the Jubilee has begun to pour in on me. Sir Herbert Maxwell has told the story of the reign in an elaborately illustrated work published by the Harmsworths, called "Sixty Years a Queen," in eight parts, issued fortnightly, at sixpence each. The first part is very handsome. There is no reason indeed in the world why everybody should not be thoroughly versed in the Queen's life by June, for Messrs. George Routledge have just issued Mr. Barnett Smith's Life of her Majesty for twopence! Other volumes at the same price are Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare," "Captain Cook's Last Voyage," and "1001 Riddles." The Oxford University Press have published "The Queen's Diamond Jubilee" Bible and Prayer-Book. The Bible is illustrated by seven photographic illustrations taken from the cartoons painted by Reynolds in 1778 for the famous window in New College, Oxford, representing Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude. The Prayer-Book contains six pictures of sacred subjects, among them being included a representation of the picture of Christ bearing the Cross, from the altar-piece in Magdalen College, Oxford, and also of Christ in the Garden, from the altar-piece of All Souls College, Oxford. The reproductions look very cheap and German-print-like, and altogether I cannot congratulate Mr. Frowde on this occasion. He has issued far more beautiful editions on much less notable occasions. "The Royal Record" is the name of a new ball-room round-dance, composed by E. M. Walsh and published by Montail, of Baker Street.

Of all the schemes which private and semi-private enterprise are preparing for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, that just propounded by Mr. Robert Newman, of Queen's Hall, seems to be the most astute. Granted that the employment of the Great Hall for a solemn musical thanksgiving service, with full choir and orchestra, on the Sunday preceding the red-letter day is an obvious enough project, it is almost a stroke of genius on Mr. Newman's part to have obtained permission from Dr. Martin and Dr. Bridge for the first performances of the works they have composed specially for the St. Paul's ceremony. I need not say anything of the commercial acumen in causing the granting of tickets for this service to be conditional upon subscription for the entire second series of Symphony Concerts.

Hundreds of people who could not hope to get "in sight of St. Paul's"—or, indeed, within earshot thereof—will flock to Queen's Hall on June 20.

We all know that the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand are "kittle cattle" to move, and it is hardly surprising, though it is doubtless disappointing to philatelists and the public generally, to learn that there is no intention of a Jubilee issue of postage labels, or of even



NEW BRITISH EAST AFRICA PROTECTORATE AND ZANZIBAR STAMPS.

a single commemorative stamp. One gathers from Mr. Hanbury's statement that, even if they had the desire for such an issue, there is no time; so it would seem that the Diamond Jubilee will find her Majesty, so far as her postage stamps are concerned, looking as it is polite to aver that all ladies look—that is, "as young as ever." It seems a pity that the home authorities could not be as up-to-date in this presentment of the

Queen as some of her colonies. The new British East Africa Protectorate has issued a set of stamps, one of which I reproduce, which is not only a very slightly addition to the album of the collector, but gives us a Queen who may be recognised as the reigning Sovereign. Another set of stamps, from the same interesting part of the world, comes from Zanzibar, and immortalises in capital style the features of the late monarch whose sudden death gave rise to complications of a warlike nature last year. These latter stamps are, I hear, likely to be superseded before they have had time to become familiar to collectors. I give a reproduction of one of these for the benefit of stamp-collecting readers.

An apt quotation from the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Kháyyám, beginning "We are no other than a moving row of Magic Shadow-shapes," graced the artistically designed programme of the "galanty show," whimsically called "The Sphinx and the Chimney Pot, or the Latest Experiment in Arbitration," given at Steinway Hall on April 3, under the auspices of the Dutch Club in London, by Messrs. W. L. Bruckman and A. A. van Anrooy. The evolution of human attire, culminating in (according to the Demon of Convention), or retrograding to (according to the Spirit of Originality) the glossy silk "topper" or chimney-pot hat, played no inconsiderable part in the Pageant of the Ages set forth in this "galanty show"; and Mr. Bruckman, by his very cleverly composed groups of accurately attired Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, Japanese, and so forth, proved that he is an archaeological artist as well as a grotesque humorist who could give points to Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Mr. van Anrooy's elaborately prepared "explanations" ought to have been spoken by a master of fluent English, for they contained many smart points and topical allusions, Mr. Jerome and Mr. Chamberlain being both introduced.

Sunday was the 209th anniversary of the Coronation of William and Mary. Nobody seems to think of celebrating that date, although, as "The Literary Lounger" told you recently, a novel by a Dutchman, translated and adapted under the title of "The Life Guardsman" (published by Black), dealt picturesquely with his coming.

I have a strong sympathy with the "New Century Theatre," which proposes to give us acting plays which, for various reasons, cannot get a hearing in the ordinary play-house. Miss Elizabeth Robins, Mr. William Archer, Mr. H. W. Massingham, and Mr. Alfred Sutro form the executive of this undertaking. They promise a series of matinées of "John Gabriel Borkman," beginning on May 3. In the autumn we shall see "Admiral Guineá," by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson; but the most attractive prospect is that of some portion of "Peer Gynt" with Grieg's music. To be an Associate of the "New Century Theatre" you need pay only a minimum subscription of five shillings a-year, as a contribution to the endowment fund. There is, I hope, a sufficient number of playgoers to make this enterprise a permanent institution. At any rate, the interest excited by the production of "Little Eyolf" is a stimulating augury. There is nothing aggressive or inordinately ambitious in the "New Century Theatre." It is simply a praiseworthy effort to make a rallying-point for those lovers of the drama who wish to cultivate it under conditions removed from the autocracy of the prevailing taste and the censorship of the fashionable dinner-hour.



WILLIAM III.

A fortnight ago I revisited the glimpses of Hoxton, and betook myself again to the fascinating Britannia Theatre. "For England," by Sutton Vane, was the problem of the evening, though it was but the *pièce de résistance* in a programme including drama, variety, and farce. A number of friends accompanied me, including gentlemen who have seen service in the Transvaal and Matabeleland and know most that is to be known of the South African problem. "For England" deals with the last war between the English and the Boers, and, although one of my party told me that he knew Mr. Sutton Vane at Kimberley in the old days, the dramatic licence suggested the veriest amateur who had never seen the Golden Land. The sword as a Boer weapon, the confessions by both parties when they meet under a flag of truce, and many other things equally wonderful, kept us all amused, while the fine acting of the veteran J. B. Howe gave our lungs and hands the fair chance of which we hastened to avail ourselves. Frequent visits fail to stale the many charms of the "Britanniaoxton," while the quantity and quality of the fair, the modesty of the prices, and the generosity of the refreshment department combine to make Hoxton the most favoured district in London, so far as the theatres are concerned.

Hugh Kirkealdy has played his last golf match. His death at the early age of nine-and-twenty removes one of the most notable players of our time. Born at St. Andrews, he was only eighteen when he won the first prize in the professional competition held annually in connection with the Royal and Ancient Club's Autumn Meeting. His score was 84. Two years later he beat so brilliant a player as Ben Sayers by 7 up and 6 to play. The match took place at St. Andrews, and Kirkealdy lowered young Tom Morris's long-standing record of 77 for the green to 74. A year later he reduced it to 73.

It has been a common cry of late years that, with the amount of shooting that goes on nowadays in Africa, the game animals must, within measurable distance of time, become extinct. Some ingenious statisticians have harmlessly employed their spare time in calculating how many years of existence are left to the African elephant as a species, and prophesy its extinction within the present generation. Within the last week I have had two letters from friends who are shooting in the interior, one bearing date in November, from the North-East, the other dated January, from the South-East. I am not going to give any better clue to the locality of my correspondents' shooting-grounds, for reasons sportsmen will appreciate. The former has "for weeks seen elephants in family parties every day and all day; they don't seem to know what a rifle is, and, if I wanted, I might kill a score a-day or more." My South-Eastern correspondent combines sport with trade in ivory, and writes me that, on his present trip, he has killed nineteen elephants, besides two lions and a heavy bag of antelopes and other game. He says, "In the country I have just passed through, elephants are in *most astonishing* numbers, as also buffalo, and, in fact, all the animals I have named," some seventeen species. In the locality he refers to elephant-shooting has to be done on foot, and it is such hard work under the local conditions that the animals are tolerably safe. I do not wish to promulgate the idea that protective measures are not necessary—they are urgently needed in many parts of Africa; but it is satisfactory to hear from reliable sources that there are districts where the elephant is plentiful and likely to continue so.

A German writer named Rosenbaum claims to have discovered the source from which Goethe derived his delightful heroine of romance, Mignon. A very pretty story has been put together by Herr Rosenbaum, and his statement of the origin of "Wilhelm Meister" is not without verisimilitude. It seems that, in the spring of 1764, an Italian mountebank named Caratta, the head of a company of strolling performers, gave a series of representations in Göttingen. Included among the troupe was a pretty child in her teens, called Petronella, over whose birth dense mystery hung, as the poet Bunn might have said. She was mournful of mien, and evidently sprung from a class far above her surroundings. What wonder, therefore, that some of the students at the "U-niversity of Göttingen," to quote the famous jingle, became deeply interested in the sad-eyed and nimble-limbed child-performer, and plotted to carry her off from her rude taskmaster? a design, however,

frustrated by the sudden disappearance from the town of Caratta and his entire troupe, including, of course, poor Petronella.

Herr Rosenbaum goes on to say that in the very same year five of the students of Göttingen published a little volume of poems in honour of this "giovane virtuosa," skilled in the art of displaying her grace and agility.



Gibson.

Schacht.

The late Hugh Kirkealdy.

Rolland.

Photo by W. Charles.

In this book Petronella was represented as a damsel of noble birth, abducted one dark night from her mother's house by "a monster nourished in the desert on the milk of a lioness." The principal author of this volume was a young law student, named Daniel Schreiber, whose various ballads are said to have had considerable influence on the poetic methods of Bürger. Schreiber, it is further asserted, left Göttingen in 1765 to pursue his studies at Leipzig, and there met Goethe, of whom he became a "chum." The two exchanged confidences with regard to their aspirations and works, and the story of Petronella as related anew by Schreiber made a profound impression upon the mind of Goethe, who afterwards reproduced the romance in "Wilhelm Meister," changing the girl's name to Mignon.

A correspondent writes—

Every year an amateur dramatic performance is held at the Khedivial Opera House at Cairo in aid of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the accompanying photograph represents the company who recently produced "The Pirates of Penzance," under the management of Colonel Harington Bey. The piece was admirably mounted and staged, and the dresses, not less than the capabilities of the troupe, might well have been worthy of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Company. The part of Major-General Stanley was well sustained by Mr. Chataway, whose powers as a comedian were already favourably known to Cairenes; and he and the squad of policemen, under the very efficient leadership of Mr. Tucker, R.E., kept their audience in the best of humour throughout the evening. Mr. R. W. Glen as Frederic, Mr. Cathcart Garner as the Pirate King, and Mr. Percy Smith as Samuel, also displayed great talent in the interpretation of their several roles. Miss Warnock, as Ruth, sang with much sympathy and expression; and the part of the heroine Mabel gave Mrs. Selden Willmore, already well known in Egypt as a talented actress, another opportunity of displaying histrionic powers and a cultivation of voice rarely met with in an amateur. A graceful skirt-dance was executed by Miss Salomans between the acts. To the efforts of Colonel Harington Bey, assisted by Colonel FitzGeorge, C.B., as stage-director, and Mr. Felix Powell as acting-manager, was due, no doubt, much of the success of the entertainment and the satisfactory financial result which accrued to the society.



"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT CAIRO.

A new category of play has been devised—the "musical bicycle comedy," and, in a piece of this eminently up-to-date class, entitled plainly "The Bicycle Girl," Miss Billie Barlow has made a provincial success in the title-character.

Perhaps the finest-headed rough-coated St. Bernard of the day is Daere, owned by Mr. Ernest P. Beard, of Telscombe Manor, Lewes. He is an enormous dog as regards bone, and, as his portrait shows, has a strikingly beautiful and majestic head, very deep in muzzle, and of the correct colour and expression. Daere is a splendid companion for a walk, following close behind his master; he has sporting tastes also, for, strange to say of so big and stately an animal, he is a rare good hand at catching rats. Though a first-rate watch-dog, he has a perfect temper. Daere comes from the kennels of Mr. L. C. R. Norris-Elye, who is well known as a breeder of St. Bernards. Though born in 1892, he has been shown only three times, and on each occasion has taken first and special prizes. Twice he has put in an appearance at the Brighton Shows. The first time he was, by mistake, entered in a wrong class, and consequently was able to compete only for specials, and won that offered for the best St. Bernard in the show. At Brighton last year he won first prizes in the open and limit classes, and a special prize presented by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild for the best St. Bernard in the show. He is also a Crystal Palace winner, and on the only occasion he competed there took first honours. Daere is a son of the celebrated Baron Daere out of New Magdalen. He is now at stud for the first time at Telscombe Manor, Telscombe, Lewes.

It is very much to be hoped that the executive of the Dogs' Home will be able to carry their plan of establishing a country Home in connection with the Battersea refuge. A couple of years ago or less, in deference to a suggestion made by the Queen herself, the period for which strays were kept before being sold or sent to the lethal chamber was increased from three days to five, and this extension must have taxed the resources of the Home severely. The premises at Battersea are not nearly large enough to meet such a strain as was thrown upon them last year, when no fewer than 42,615 dogs were dealt with. When you subject the total to the test of arithmetic, you find that stray dogs at the rate of nearly ten per hour each day of twelve hours were brought in, making the average number of refugees on the books daily about 518. A country Home would enable the authorities to extend the utility of the institution enormously, and, what is more, ensure the canine animals better health. Health is of no great importance to the doomed majority, but the finances of the Home benefit considerably from the sale of well-bred dogs, and the "Home fever" from which purchasers have found their new acquisitions suffer is probably due to overcrowding. The fact that of all the dogs received last year only seven were found affected with rabies is cheering testimony to the rarity of the disease, for where should one look for cases of rabies if not among the strays arrested by the police?

Is it not time that some change was made in the law relating to cruelty to animals? As things stand now, a certain—or rather, an uncertain—class of creature is practically outlawed, as witness the case in which a performing bear, through its "nearest friend," the Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A., appeared to the Queen's Bench last week. Unlucky Bruin lost his case. Justices Cave and Lawrence held that he was "not a domestic animal within the meaning of the Act," and therefore had no redress against his owners, who took him into a stable when he refused to "perform," and beat him cruelly about the head with a stick. A very similar case came before the Courts about three years ago, when a lion-tamer was granted legal immunity to thrash caged lions; but in the latter case my sympathies were divided, as I deemed it highly improbable that

any lion-tamer would use his whip inside the cage more severely than the exigencies of stage effect require. The lion who would not take the law into his own paws under provocation is yet to be discovered, and nobody knows this better than his trainer. Nevertheless, a change in the statute is required. A couple of years ago it was decided that there was no legal cruelty in pelting a tame gull to death with stones, because it was not a "domestic" animal, though tame enough to serve as a useful "property" to the professional photographer who owned it. What I should like to see is that treacherous word "domestic" eliminated from the statute, and "dependent on or kept in durance or captivity by man," substituted.

The gaiety of nations will not be eclipsed so long as the *Belfast News Letter* exists. This journal does not like Gilbert James's devices. It does not stand alone in this respect. But in one point it is unique. It declares that "The Joan of Arc series should be stopped. There is

an attempt at wit, but the stupidity of the artist spoils the effect. The contents of the Holy Bible should be sacred." Now, in the first place, Mr. James has dealt with Joan of Arc in only one picture; Holy Scripture, need I add, has never done so—unless the "Woman's Bible" is going to interpolate her heroic story into the canons.

The smoking-concert of the Artist Rifles was a great success. The large drill-hall at Headquarters, in St. Pancras, was crowded with some twelve hundred men, many of whom were in the different uniforms of their respective corps, that of the London Scottish being the most prominent after the grey-and-silver of their hosts. Corporal G. C. L. Fry, the indefatigable hon. sec., had provided a wonderful programme of thirty-nine items, including several old favourites and many new ones, and the concert lasted, without a dull five minutes, from eight o'clock until nearly two the following morning. Colonel Edis, Major Horsley, and many other officers were present, and the evening was voted a great success.

Sitting in one of the comfortable stalls at the Palace Theatre, listening to the inimitable Miss Sadie Jerome while she sang her "I Know Where They Get It From," the skit upon "Sir Tom," which hints at its "Maid of Athens" origin, memory took me back. I thought of the evening when the handsome "Amurrican" girl of romantic type took London by storm and amazement as she rushed forward, excited—perhaps scared, too—strenuous, daring, and successful as Lalage Potts. Now Miss Jerome is on "the halls," and seems quite at home.

It is curious to note how often nowadays the player who is "resting" may be found busily, and profitably, engaged on the variety stage. Time was when the artist occasionally invaded the stage, feeling confident that there would be no reprisals. There were days when people in disparagement said that "our Arthur" had been on "the halls." I can remember being told in strict confidence by an able melodrama actor that when out of work he used "to keep the bailiffs out" by doing "a turn" under an assumed name, with wig and beard. Certainly poor Miss Amy Roselle and her appearance at the Empire had a prodigious effect in the matter. Ultimately, I am sure that, so far as their gifts will allow, performers will regard the theatre and the music-hall as interchangeable. Some day we may have a theatrical knight at the Palace endeavouring "on his own" to entertain a crowd. At present, if one takes Christmas into account, the stage is the gainer by the free trade. Yet you ought to hear Miss Jerome in her coon song "My Honey."



MR. E. P. BEARD'S ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD, DAERE.



MISS SADIE JEROME AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT, REGENT STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FALSE CONCLUSION.

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

"I envy you, Camilla, more than any woman in the world."

"Yet I have had my troubles, Polly," Camilla replied.

Mrs. Bellairs shook her head. "Nothing to speak of, surely."

"Well, you know, marrying poor, dear Philip when I was not the least in love with him. Mother insisted, and, after all, it turned out for the best. He formed—in fact, he cultivated me, turned me from a raw school-girl into a *femme du monde*, and left me a free woman before my hair was grey. It keeps its colour well, don't you think?"

"Your hair is still yellow naturally. Though four years a widow, you are only five-and-twenty."

"Oh, don't say 'yellow'—such a detestable colour, like a canary—suggestive of a beaky nose and sallow cheeks!" protested Camilla.

"But you were speaking of your husband—"

"Yes—poor Philip! He always told me he was consumptive in earlier days, as an inducement to marry him."

Camilla hated herself as she spoke—it was a way she had drifted into under Mrs. Bellairs' influence. Her friend seemed to expect frivolity from her, and smiled appreciatingly.

"Ah, Camilla, you have everything—youth, health, independence. You are not even burdened with a family, and certainly make the most of life. But sometimes, dear, I think, you know, you are just a little—too—well, too unconventional."

"Indeed! Do tell me of my indiscretions; it would be so very interesting."

Camilla clasped her hands, and tried not to smile.

"They are hardly worth mentioning. I was only thinking of Mr. Wilson."

"Mr. Wilson not worth mentioning? Polly, I cannot let you insult my friends."

"You know what I mean," murmured Mrs. Bellairs, lowering her voice confidentially; "six waltzes running, and then a cosy corner for the rest of the evening."

"But I went in to supper with Mr. Norris."

"And ate half a sandwich before running away. Yes, he told me about it afterwards. Of course, it is quite excusable that you should like Mr. Wilson, a most attractive man; but his reputation—"

"What about his reputation?"

"I never care to repeat scandal, but—"

"Oh, stop! I know you are going to tell me something horrid, and I would rather not hear. I wish so many nice people had not bad reputations. I am expecting him to tea this afternoon; perhaps you will not come to meet him?"

"Thanks, dear"—kissing Camilla affectionately—"I always take a hint; it is one of my talents."

"No, Polly, no; I really did not mean—"

But Mrs. Bellairs was already half-way down the stairs, confronting Mr. Wilson.

"I am almost tempted to stay," she said, shaking hands; "but an appointment with my dentist—"

The hall-door closed, and Camilla found herself alone in the drawing-room with Mr. Wilson.

"I am glad you have come," she said.

"Are you?" he answered. "I almost wish that you were sorry."

"Why?"

"Because I am going away, and I do not want you to miss me. Camilla, you have made my life happier—better; forgive me if I shock you, but you are the only woman I have ever respected. Nothing will touch you. I wish I were more worthy of your friendship."

A strange thrill of wonder and joy passed through Camilla. She felt instinctively that over this man at least she had an influence for good, that with him she escaped from the frivolous side of her nature to her real—her better self.

"No," she said, "I am not good; but sometimes I feel that it is in me to be good if I would only try myself—give myself the chance. I am so fond of the world, and the world's amusements—all my time is taken up with pleasure; and I am not tired yet—not *lassé*. But lately I have been thinking."

She lent forward and clasped her hands.

"What have you thought? Won't you tell me?"

"Yes, but only you. I have no very high ideal—it is not that I am living beneath my own standard, for I want to enjoy life to its full, and I cannot do things by halves. I am not the sort of woman to take fits and starts—working for the poor one day and amusing myself the next. But it has come across me lately what a worthless record I must show at the end of it all; so I have thought of a compromise. Can I trust you—this is quite in confidence?"

"If you have a doubt, don't."

"Are you not curious?"

"Yes, but to be curious is to be in sympathy; mine is sympathetic curiosity."

"Then listen. My idea may amuse you, and you will call it far-fetched, and you will say I am not in earnest."

"You look sincere," he answered. "I think I shall believe you."

"I want to enjoy my life in my own set, among my own people, and I find I cannot do this with a clear conscience; so I have made a resolve, and a very difficult one. I am going to give one year out of my life to God."

"How shall you do that—what plan have you formed?"

"A simple and at the same time a hard plan. None of my friends are to know where I am, or where I go. I just intend to vanish off the face of their earth for twelve months' hard labour. All my little vanities, my extravagances, must be given up, buried, forgotten. One half of London does not care to learn or know how the other half lives. I am going to find out for myself, to settle in the very heart of the East End, dressed as a Sister of Charity, to live and work as such."

"You would sacrifice yourself to this extent, and yet have no one know?"

"Yes; that is the chief point, for, if I told my friends, they would tempt me back directly; they would give me no peace, or else they would think that I wanted credit for what I did. They would call it an affectation."

The man got up and paced the room.

"I don't like the experiment," he said. "Think of the risks you run, the horrible diseases bred by dirt and squalor; consider your health."

"Ah, now you are beginning! Everyone would say the same. I should meet with resistance, arguments, persuasions on all sides; and as to my health, I am absurdly strong."

"But what put this craze into your head? You could never endure such a life for a month."

"You made me think of it," she said.

"I? Impossible!"

"Yes, by saying I had influenced you for good. I know—I feel that I can influence people, and I have always used this power for purely selfish motives. Now, I am going to try and exert it over poor, tempted, wretched creatures, to give myself a wider field. You half think that I am joking, but you dare not say so."

"No, I am not so ungrateful for your confidence. I am sure you mean every word—I wish you did not. Self-sacrifice is splendid in theory, but torture in practice."

"You are going to South Africa?" said Camilla, breaking away from the subject.

"Yes—this month."

"Let me see—it is July. I shall miss Goodwood and Cowes, my winter trip to the Riviera—nearly the whole of next Season; and you will be back in a year. We shall meet again at dances, and I shall forget the dreary labour, the hardships, the pain; or, if I do not forget, at least I shall know how to appreciate luxury and ease. I don't think I have ever really had 'a due sense of all my blessings.'"

"You will make no excuse to your friends?" he asked incredulously.

"None. They will think I have gone to some quiet place for my health, or that I am travelling for pleasure, but no one will suspect me of working among the poor. I like doing odd things, surprising myself."

"And me?"

"Yes, and you," extending her hands as he rose to go. "Perhaps when you return I shall deserve the 'respect' you feel for me. I shall look on it as my due. Now, I confess it is flattering—and, alas! undeserved."

He pressed her hands to his lips; he was pale. Then she drew her hands away, and let him go.

"I may live sixty or seventy years," she said thoughtfully. "I can spare one, I can give up one, out of the many."

So she thought of her mission, and not of the man.

A bed-sitting-room in a cheap lodging, the July sun creeping through a small window, and the figure of Camilla writing by a deal table.

"So it's over," she said, with a sigh of relief, "the long, hard year."

She folded her letter, and added it to a pile at her side.

"How strange to be picking up the threads just where I dropped them a year ago. I wonder if I have really been missed—I wonder if my disappearance made any difference to anybody?"

She thought over the past twelve months, contrasting them with the rest of her life, and, as she meditated, saw again incident upon incident pass, picture-like, before her eyes.

The first difficult struggle, when the absence of little comforts seemed almost like the rending of body and soul, and then the rush of active work among a class of busy workers—morning, noon, night, every hour needed, every minute of importance. The delight, too, of finding herself a power by means of the money she had hitherto spent in the world of fashion, to go about doing good. She remembered the fatigue and hunger she experienced when first visiting the squalid scenes where the field of her labours lay. Then the thrill of pleasure when faces lit up and smiled, when lives brightened, and men and women seemed happier for her presence; and, last of all, the forgetfulness of self which moulded her character and turned her from a bristling into a woman.

But now, stifled by the heat in the shams, and yet with the keen appreciation for enjoyment still flowing through her veins, she was to return to the old life and the pleasant ways. The pretty house in Wimpole Street was to be opened out again for two or three weeks of



*Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
 And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup, where no one knows ;
 But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,
 And many a Garden by the Water blows.*

—FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF "THE RUBÁIYÁT."

the fleeting Season, and Camilla would return to the bosom of her friends, to bloom again in the flower-garden of her own world.

She got up, and moved about the narrow room with light tread and dancing eyes; she laughed aloud at her thoughts; she clasped her hands over her heart, marvelling at its rapid beating.

"I shall go as I came," she said, "without a word of good-bye to anyone. To-morrow I shall drive away—vanish! I should hate to be thanked, to listen to gratitude or blessings—it would make me feel a brute for going. I stepped out of my own groove, and I must step back again. The children here call me 'the good fairy'—I will keep up the mystery to the end."

Camilla was resting on the sofa, trying to read a novel, when Mrs. Bellairs was announced.

She sprang up with a little cry of pleasure, and flung her arms round the visitor's neck.

"Oh, Polly dear, this is nice seeing you again!"

Mrs. Bellairs disentangled herself from the embrace, greeting Camilla less cordially.

"You were lying down, were you not?" she said. "I am afraid that I disturbed you."

"I had a headache, but you will take it away. I have so much to talk about, I do not know where to begin."

Camilla drew a chair forward as she spoke.

"What gave you a headache—heat?"

"No, worry! Tell me, Polly, what does it all mean? I've been away only a year, and yet I seem to have lost touch with everybody. Why do people look at me coldly? Ah! I have noticed it, you need not shake your head. Why do they avoid me, as if I were a criminal? Our lives are our own, to do as we please with. One would almost imagine, because I have chosen to absent myself, to go into retirement for a year, that people thought——"

But Camilla broke off, as if her sentence was not worth finishing.

"Well, dear, people will think, and people will talk—there is no stopping them. Your conduct was certainly strange, and, if innocent, misleading."

Camilla sprang to her feet, the colour mantling in her cheeks, lips quivering, eyes flashing.

"What are you daring to insinuate?" she asked.

"I insinuate nothing. What have you to say for yourself?"

The retort staggered Camilla. "To say for myself?" she asked.

"Yes, to repudiate the scandal."

"I—I don't understand." Her face turned pale.

"It is very simple. Last summer your name, unfortunately, was coupled with a certain Mr. Wilson's," said Mrs. Bellairs, eyeing Camilla sternly; "he went away, you went away—no one knew you were going; he has just returned, you have just returned—in the meanwhile your hiding-place has been kept secret. We may open our eyes, we may look at you askance, but we do not condemn you, Camilla, because——"

"Enough! I have been insulted sufficiently. Listen," and a hard laugh broke from her; "I will satisfy your curiosity. While Society has been spreading its vile slanders, I have been working, slaving, month after month, in the poorest parish in the East End of London. I need not trouble you with details, why I did it, my motives, or what I gained. I think it has taught me to despise you all. I hope it has." Her voice broke. She turned away.

"You a charity worker! My poor Camilla, do not, pray, expect us to believe that! For Heaven's sake, try and think of something more reasonable!"

Mrs. Bellairs moved slowly to the door. Camilla faced her defiantly, and tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She was choking, suffocating with indignation. The door opened and closed again. Mrs. Bellairs had gone.

The room swam round. Camilla staggered back to the sofa. "Oh God, to be so misjudged!"

REMEMBER THE CABBY!

A CHAT WITH MR. SUTHERLAND SAFFORD.

Although "cabby" is, on the whole, a popular personage with the great mass of the London public, he has a good many determined foes, and it is well for him that, among his friends, he can count, through good and evil fortune, on the sympathy and, in certain cases, on the assistance, of such an institution as the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association. Founded in 1870, it has since flourished exceedingly, and its success is in a great measure due to the unceasing efforts of Mr. S. Sutherland Safford, who, curiously enough, was born on the very day (in July 1853) of the first cab-strike that ever struck terror into the heart of the patient Londoner.

I found Mr. Safford (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) at 15, Soho Square, ensconced in his office, which is filled with interesting portraits and other mementoes of the C.B.A. and those who founded it, and he kindly consented to give me some details of the Association to which he has devoted twenty-seven years of his life.

"The awarding of honour where honour is due is always a difficult matter," he observed pleasantly, in answer to a question. "But I think I may say that we owed our being in the first instance to the Marquis of Townshend and the late Mr. G. Stormont Murphy (popularly known as the 'Cabmen's Friend'). One day, Lord Townshend, seeing a cabman ill-treating his horse, remonstrated with the man, and then, for the first

time, had an opportunity of hearing of some of cabby's hardships and trials. In those days cabdrivers were not in any way organised. Shelters were, as yet, unheard of, there was considerable ill-feeling between the London cabmen and the police, and after a man had, perhaps, performed his duty as a much-needed public servant for upwards of fifty years, all that was left for him in his old age was to go to the workhouse. Lord Townshend seems to have been strongly moved by this state of things, and, without losing any time, he asked his new friend, the cabby who had given him some of this information, to meet him, together with five of his 'mates,' in order that they might discuss what could be done. They did so in the very office where we now are, and so was started the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association. Lord Townshend found a warm coadjutor in Mr. Stormont Murphy, who devoted his time and best energies to the work of the Association, with which he was connected up to the time of his death in February 1893."

"And what are the exact objects of the Association? You never, I believe, take any 'sides' in the strikes which seem endemic to Cabland?"

"Ah, well," observed Mr. Safford thoughtfully, "the public do not quite realise all that cabdrivers have to put up with. Few people, for instance, are, I fancy, aware that any cabman trying to attract the attention of a possible fare makes himself liable to prosecution. A cabdriver is allowed only to 'ply for hire,' as it is called, from a cab-stand. But of late years the cabman's position has greatly improved, and I hope that in time we shall see the end of all these strikes. As to our objects," he continued, "they are to give annuities, at the rate of twenty pounds per annum, to aged cabdrivers, or to those who, through infirmity, are unable to earn their living; to grant small loans, without interest, to members requiring such aid; to give temporary assistance by gifts in cases of extreme distress; to provide legal aid to those who may be unjustly summoned; and to assist the widows and orphans of members who at the date of their decease were contributors to the Widow and Orphan Relief Fund. Each member pays five shillings a-year, and a further two shillings entitles him to an ultimate share in the Widow and Orphan Fund. A pension candidate must have been a member at least five years. As you can easily imagine, there are always many more applicants than there are annuities to be disposed of. This year there are thirty-eight candidates and ten vacancies. We elect the applicants by ballot."

"Have you any cabdrivers on your committee?"

"Certainly, in the proportion of about five to one—that is to say, our committee is composed of four gentlemen and twenty cabdrivers. We meet once a month and discuss the various applications sent in. Not infrequently we grant gifts, ranging from two to ten pounds. Our limit for loans is two pounds, and the borrower must be able to find a surety among his mates. It is a curious and very gratifying fact that we have, so to speak, no bad debts, for the money is invariably repaid. I have found cabdrivers as a body a very honest and praiseworthy set of men, and those desirous of participating in the benefits of the Association generally make out a true case. Of course," added Mr. Safford, laughing, "it would not be much use their doing anything else, for a member of the committee is always sure to know something of the applicant."

"And every class is represented among the cabdrivers of London?"

"Certainly, that is so. But one extraordinary thing about cabby is that he is always a married man. It has become quite a joke; we have hardly any widowers, and even an annuitant, should he have the misfortune to lose his 'Missis,' promptly re-enters the holy state."

"I suppose, as time goes on, that drunkenness is becoming more and more rare among cabdrivers?"

"Yes. We discovered with some surprise at our festival dinner that among the twenty drivers on our committee sixteen were teetotalers. Of course, the shelters have created a very great improvement in the daily lot of the cabdriver. The Cabmen's Shelter Fund was founded five years after our Benevolent Association. It owed its being to an article in the *Globe*, pointing out that there was already a shelter in Birmingham, and asking why the same boon should not be extended to London cabmen. There are now forty shelters. Each costs about two hundred pounds, and, once put up, they are to a certain extent self-supporting, for each attendant in charge of the shelter pays a small weekly sum for the privilege of catering for the men. The refreshments supplied—tea, coffee, steaks, bread-and-butter, and so on—are sold at a tariff fixed by the committee."

"And how about cabby's holiday?"

"Well, once a year we have excursions to Bournemouth or some other seaside town. Our members go down with their families, and can either return the same day or, by paying a little extra to the railway company, they can, if they can find suitable lodgings, enjoy a week's change. Then, again, we have from time to time a concert or entertainment, during which the result of the ballot in favour of candidates for pensions is declared. By the way, a great many of our patrons and friends whose subscriptions entitle them to votes take a very great interest in the matter. The Prince of Wales, our patron, whose hundred-guinea donation carries with it a very large number of votes, always goes into the matter very carefully, and the Duke of York, who presided at our festival dinner last year, has just placed his twenty-five votes at the disposal of the committee."

"And how about the Widow and Orphan Relief Fund?"

"We give twelve pounds annuity to widows, and the committee also have power to make grants according to their discretion. As for the orphans, we try and get them into suitable homes. However, cabdrivers as a class are a long-lived body of men; among our annuitants are old drivers who have plied their trade for over fifty years. You see, once a man has become a cabdriver there are but very few things open to him."

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



THE OLE BANJO.

DRAWN BY HOUNSOM BYLES.

THE DUMPIES CONQUEST OF THE WHEEL

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE;
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DICKINSON RECK;

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

It is not yet generally known, perhaps, that the Dumpy people owned and rode the Bicycle long before it became known to us. In fact, our idea of making a wheel stand upright came first from the Hoop-Snake, who got it from the Owl, who had it from the First Wheel itself, which the Dumpy people captured during the fourth month of the Year of Amenities and brought to the Land of Low Mountains, which lies in the far country of Kay. This is the tale as told by Butterneg—

The dewy morn had chased away
The April night and brought the day,
When for adventures of the spring
The Dumpy band went wandering.



How far they went has not been told
When first Sir 'Possum did behold
Against a mighty dough-nut tree
A wondrous curiosity;
But, thinking of the hornet's nest,
Concluded silence was the best,
Until the Dumpies nearer drew,
And then the others saw it too.
A wondrous thing it was, indeed;
It seemed to them a silent steed,
Composed of wheels—one large, one small,
No legs or wings—and very tall.



At first they paused and
stood apart,
As no one wished to make the
start,
Till Waddle asked it for a ride—
"All right, climb on," the thing
replied.
So Waddle from the She-bear's
back
Climbed to the seat—Alas!
alack!
It reared and pitched, and with
a whack
Once more he found the She-
bear's back.

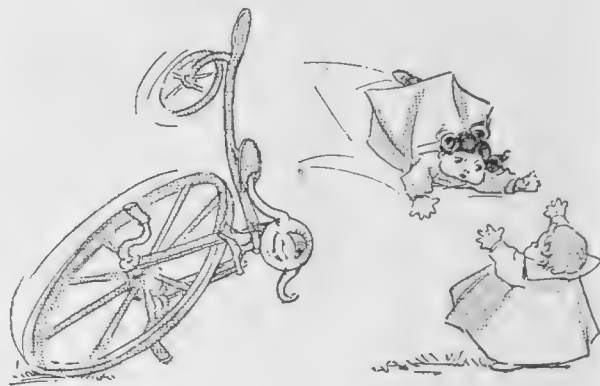
Then Topsy-loo, the fair and brave,
Declared, "With me 'twill not behave
So rudely, I am sure"; but, oh!
She wasn't sure at all, you know.
For off she flew, with all her charms,
And landed right in Waddle's arms,
Which angered Jolly-boy, who just
Declared he'd ride that thing or "bust."
Then up he climbed, and down he came,
And up again, and still the same,
Till all who watched him try, agree
That Jolly was a sight to see.
And then the Rabbit tried, but lo!
It tossed him forty feet or so,
And bent his ear and lamed his knee,
Which made Sir 'Possum howl with glee

And all the while it gaily chaffed
The Dumpy band, and loudly laughed
To see them try it, one by one,
And limp away when they were done.



And then they all together tried
To hold it for the Goose to ride.
But in a minute more they found
Themselves in sorrow on the ground.

Then gentle Wide-out came; says she,
"Perhaps it might behave with me."



"Oh, Wide-out! Wide-out! for my sake,"
Cried Commodore, "don't undertake
To ride that thing, I beg of you—
Remember lovely Topsy-loo!"



But Wide-out bravely shook her head
And, going up to it instead—
"I know you'll let me ride," said she,
"You never could be bad with me."

Then up she gently climbed, while all
The Dumpies watched to see her fall;
But when she gained the seat, they found
That steed stood up—the wheels turned
round;
And back and forth, and in and out,
She blithely rode, and all about,
And then she proudly led the band
In triumph back to Dumpy Land.

And this is the first mention of the
Bicycle in history. Also of how it was
overcome by gentleness rather than force.
It was a long time before the others had
mastered it, and once it fell into disgrace,
the story of which will be told later. But
by-and-by, when it had grown shorter, as
do all things in Dumpy Land, it became
much more docile and trustworthy. Then
they called it a "safety"—and so it is called
all over the world to this day.



THE ART OF THE DAY.

When is a lithograph not a lithograph? It was not exactly this question which the jury was called upon to answer the other day in the case *Pennell v. Harris and Sickert*, but the issue was to some extent involved. To be more accurate, this was rather the question—when is a lithograph a lithograph? In other words, was Mr. Pennell justified in applying the term "lithograph" to the result not only of drawing directly on the stone, but of using transfer-paper in the process? Mr. Sickert said "no"; Mr. Pennell, backed by overwhelming authority, said "yes." And the jury have declared emphatically in favour of Mr. Pennell's views.

But, of course, this was not the personal issue involved. Had Mr. Sickert merely contented himself with the assertion that, though each result was equally valuable, this was merely a question of names, Mr. Pennell would naturally have abided by his own opinion, supported, as it is, by that of the greatest living authority on the matter, Mr. Whistler. But Mr. Sickert reminded Mr. Pennell of a certain famous artistic controversy of a few years ago, in which both artists were engaged, and by which Professor Herkomer was persuaded to re-name certain reproductions because they were not so valuable as they would have been had they been what Professor Herkomer had originally called them. The implication seemed clear that, by calling results under consideration "lithographs," Mr. Pennell, in Mr. Sickert's opinion, had given them a name which their value did not justify. This was practically, in Mr. Pennell's opinion, to declare that he was palming off upon the world work with the value attached to a fictitious name, and it therefore became important to the artist that he should justify the name which he had used, since, to a certain extent, his commercial honesty appeared bound up in his use of the word. It seemed not so much a matter now of justifying an opinion as of proving a fact—and there is all the difference in the world between the two. For this reason it was that the matter came to be referred to authoritative decision, and it is now decided by the law that "lithograph" is the correct term to use with regard to both processes. Each is as valuable as the other; Mr. Whistler has advised the law correctly, and the matter is settled. It was the only possible ending, but it was, perhaps, a pity that Mr. Sickert made the action of Mr. Pennell necessary.

The Hon. John Collier's portrait of Sir John Lubbock, from the New Gallery, reproduced above, is a masterpiece of absolutely sane and clear

work. The drawing is splendidly strong; every detail is worked out with absolute perfection of proportion; the painting, without being showy, is brilliantly effective, and the likeness is "as in a looking-glass." What more can one say of it? The modelling is solid and complete, the hands are shaped with alertness and vitality; the very body within these very clothes is alive and vigilant. Yet are we to say that Mr. Collier is a supremely great portrait-painter? There is only one answer to the question. At present, no. He is very masterful, he is big.

But he has—at least, so far—no romance, no poetry, in his brush. Rembrandt was a great painter of portraits who, it may be presumed, secured excellent likenesses. But he did so much more—he gave to his work so incommunicable a poetry that it lives not only by reason of these excellent likenesses, at which one can but guess, but by the romance which he gave to them. Compare the portrait of Sir John Lubbock with the Rembrandt of the Jewish Rabbi, and the point will grow clear enough.

At Messrs. Tooth's Gallery hangs a picture by Mr. Holman Hunt which cannot fail to arouse discussion, controversy, and provocation. It is not a late work, and is the portrait of a lady seated and clad in heavily brocaded garment; it is called "Dolce far niente," and it is exceedingly stiff and aggressively self-conscious. One humorist, who is at the same time one of responsible views, has suggested that, because he remembers this work clearly after a period of gallery-visiting, where other pictures have

faded from his memory, there must be something in it. And there is undoubtedly something in it, but so powerfully unpleasant that the memory of it is naturally persistent; but this is scarcely a proof of excellence. There are in the same gallery an excellent Munkácsy, a fine Schreyer, and some attractive examples of the elder English School.

"If Legros is like Beethoven," writes "R. A. M. S.," "Whistler is like Chopin." The saying is a pregnant one, and gives a curious key to the value of the exhibition of Mr. Legros' work now on view at Mr. Van Wisselingh's Gallery in Brook Street. Legros does remind you of Beethoven. There is something in his remoteness, his profound belief and confidence in his own art, his sort of defiant assertion that the "fools will like it some day," which is altogether delightful. "R. A. M. S." justly goes on to praise the splendid portrait of Rodin the sculptor that most justly represents France's distinction in that art. It is a



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.—HON. JOHN COLLIER.
Exhibited at the New Gallery. The property of the London County Council.

glorious work, with extraordinary spirituality in its effect, yet by the most legitimately natural means. Then there is the "Femmes en Prière," and there are the lithographs and etchings also to admire. Mr. Stevenson is justified in his comparison of Legros with Beethoven; but what of that other? Is Mr. Whistler the Chopin of pictorial art? One wonders



HARBOUR, FROM LES LÂCHES.—F. W. STURGE.
Exhibited in Graves' Galleries, Pall Mall.

what Mr. Henley's answer would be. Was it not he who said that Chopin's art was for neuralgic duchesses? And does Mr. Henley think so of Mr. Whistler?

Mr. F. W. Sturge's Exhibition in Water-Colours now on view at Messrs. Graves' Galleries is full of charm and interest. It is concerned entirely with the island of Sark, and certainly fulfils largely that beautiful description written some time ago by Swinburne: "A small sweet world of wave-encompassed wonder." Certain of Mr. Sturge's results are here reproduced. The "Harbour, from Les Lâches," is a vignette of charming proportions; the rocks jut out to the sea, a little as they do in Capri, little boats are dotted here and there over the water, and the sun, edging the delicate clouds, shines over the ripples.

In "A Parting Gleam of Sunshine" Mr. Sturge's capacity for catching the silvery atmosphere is excellently illustrated. Once more the rocks run out to meet the sea, but gentler in line and smoother in effect than in the former drawing. The composition is, in fact, simply an arrangement in rocks, and a very clever arrangement too. The water



THE COUPLE.—F. W. STURGE.
Exhibited in Graves' Galleries, Pall Mall.

glides among the rocks, in and out, catching the sunlight as it ripples and gaily reflecting it back to the sky. To illustrate "The Couple," he quotes two lines—

That steep strait of rock, whose twin-cliff'd height
Links crag to crag by one sheer thread of narrowing precipice.

The effect is not un-Turneresque, with the flying foam, the lines of surf, and the thin ribbon of winding road. "Dos d'Ane," the fourth of the drawings reproduced here, is a most graceful contrast of sea, rock, and the more luxurious vegetation of a more interior portion of the island. Here the sea is brilliantly luminous, and once more recalls somewhat subtly the Italian coast landscape. By a reversal, too, of sea and land here, one is also reminded of Swinburne's other lovely comparison of Sark and Wight as "twin jewels of light." Mr. Sturge certainly conveys to the mind an impression of Sark as a jewel of light, and that is to give him particular praise. With few exceptions, his exhibition has a uniform excellence of quality.

The New English Art Club joins a good many other excellent artistic shows that enliven the spring attractions of London. Without awarding it too exceptional a praise, it is impossible not to be struck by the pervasive signs of life which are everywhere shown upon its walls.

Here you are persuaded to feel that there is something more than a mere routine of work, but that there is in the whole arrangement, in the eager details, a general sentiment of real work undertaken from real desire to achieve that which is good and clean and sincere in art. The names here represented are many, and it would be impossible to mention even more than a few of those that deserve to be praised.

Mr. Christie's "Vanity Fair" is, perhaps, the most important canvas in the room, and is a loan to the club from the Corporation of Glasgow. The subject is treated, from the point of view of conception, in a conventional spirit, but the handling is nothing short of brilliant. The sunlit square in which the people, heated, bored, tried by dust and thirst, as it were, crowd together, is a study, and a successful study, of absolute sunlight. The whiteness and the glare are overwhelmingly convincing. With Mr. Christie, Mr. W. Macgregor also claims



A PARTING GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.—F. W. STURGE.
Exhibited in Graves' Galleries, Pall Mall.

important notice for his fine "Rocky Solitude." Here the purpose of the artist is vastly different from that of Mr. Christie; but there can be no doubt that he vies with Mr. Christie in a certain largeness of feeling and in a massive capacity for dealing with big material. In this landscape there is no niggling over-emphasis of detail piled upon detail, but a somewhat solemn comprehension of a great scene in its totality and in its fulness. Mr. Christie's colour, too, is gay, intensely day-like, and sweepingly brilliant; Mr. Macgregor, no less successful, is far more melancholy, deeper, and more peaceful. Each artist has painted a very fine picture, and it must be in accordance with your mood that you prefer one or the other.

Mr. D. S. MacColl, who still coyly hesitates between the practice of art and the criticism of art, sends quite a charming "Sketch in the Champs Elysées," which is chiefly decorative. It has, too, a curious element of poetry in it that, by an odd literary analogy, recalls the written (not the painted) work of Rossetti. Mr. Furse contributes a large canvas, "In a Malay Courtyard," which is only a little surprising because it is so unlike Mr. Furse's usual work. In place of the old strength and certainty of eye and hand, you get vague Oriental splendours, finely seen and finely wrought out, with a dim sentiment of an Arabian night entertainment. Yes, it is certainly very unlike Mr. Furse; but no less is it a very noble picture. To come rather to a



DOS D'ÂNE.—F. W. STURGE.
Exhibited in Graves' Galleries, Pall Mall.

list of names than to special details, Mr. Raven-Hill, Mr. Titcomb, Mr. Arthur Tomson, and Mr. Brabazon are represented by excellent work. They paint as if they were alive to what they were doing, as if they had a genuine object in painting other than that of a duly appointed daily task. Some fine paintings of the late Mr. C. E. Holloway, whose work was recently discussed in these columns, are also exhibited.

A GREAT MINIATURIST—IN DRYPOINT.*

Mr. George Williamson—I do not quite understand the title "D.Lit.," and, therefore, offer him all apologies if I have misnamed him—had certainly a very difficult task set before him in writing a biography of



VISCOUNT COURTENAY.

Richard Cosway. Of this Mr. Williamson is himself apparently aware, although that knowledge does not pervade the whole of his narrative. "It has not been found possible," he remarks, "to do more than decide on the accuracy of certain broad outlines. . . . I am perforce compelled to limit my earlier pages to a bare narrative of dry facts." The reader is therefore prepared for a dry narrative, and he certainly gets it. Now, the point upon which one differs from Mr. Williamson is this—that a collection of dry facts is the basis of every possible historical relation, and does not necessarily

imply a dry narrative. Lord Macaulay might with Mr. Williamson have made the same complaint of the groundwork of his history. The difficulty with which Mr. Williamson had to contend was not the dryness, but the fewness of his facts; and, not being gifted with a superabundant imagination, he has found himself practically disabled from working up those facts into a picturesque story. Now, the art of biography depends nearly altogether upon the solution of fact with imagination. To narrate your "dry facts" and to stand outside the narrative reminds one inevitably of a child building a house of bricks. The child continues such a construction at random; each separate brick is used, but one brick has no necessary relation to the other; a whole of some kind is wrought, but when you have turned away from it you are absolutely unable to retain a picture of it in the memory. Mr. Williamson has doubtless made many valuable jottings in his note-book, has here and there gleaned interesting information, and has taken a keen (if somewhat pottering) delight in his subject; but he bundles out the collection from his note-bag with a perfectly promiscuous irresponsibility, and he leaves you, in fact, in the possession of a handy book of reference, but the richer by no complete picture, by no imaginative work of art; moreover, I rather fancy that Mr. Williamson will not find in this verdict any uncomplimentary judgment—for reasons which I leave to readers of the book to discover for themselves. One chapter in the compilation which is more or less free from this curious effect of dryness is that entitled "Magnificence, Dejection, Death," and here Mr. Williamson confesses naïvely enough, "Other writers have depicted the part of Cosway's life that was rich in colour and effect. I can but follow them in so far as they are accurate." This is delightful.

Perhaps it would scarcely be worth while to point out these facts with so much precision, if the book appeared with less pomp of appearance, size, and get-up, and with less pretentiousness of surface, so to speak. As a matter of fact, the information as to Cosway's life occupies here no

more than about eighteen pages of sufficiently large print, and, so far as human documents are concerned, the only genuinely interesting pages are those which deal with Mrs. Cosway's college at Lodi, an episode which has no real connection whatever with the artist himself, and merely supplies Mr. Williamson with the excuse of a sub-title to his work. It was a special mercy, doubtless, that came to the assistance of the compiler, for otherwise the literary matter would have barely sufficed for a small pamphlet. Still, it is a somewhat novel method of lengthening the biography of a famous man, to supply a few chapters upon the subsequent doings of his widow; for I do not suppose



MRS. ELIZABETH BENNET.

that even Mr. Williamson will maintain that Mrs. Cosway herself did anything that justifies the publication of a biography more than seventy years after her death. Still, granting the superfluity of

the record, the lady interests one. There seems to be some doubt at the beginning of things as to whether she really loved her queer, foppish, accomplished husband; but it is certain that she entered into the spirit of his prosperity with zest and enjoyment. Her parties at Pall Mall were among the most fashionable entertainments of the day, and both she and her husband were frankly vain of the position which his vogue brought to them. Then comes a rather mysterious separation, during which Cosway certainly did not conduct himself according to the conventions of "the high morality"; his illness followed, and her return to him, coupled with her constant devotion to him during what must have been an extremely trying period, assuredly proves her to have possessed a fine sense of duty, which she was prepared to carry out in the face of any trouble. It was after his death that she returned to her beloved Italy and to the college for girls she had founded at Lodi. Here her life is easy to realise. She grew into years among a community that revered her as their foundress and tended her as their benefactress, and there she died. Such is the story of Cosway's widow, over which Mr. Williamson has expended commendable, if somewhat superfluous, pains. He has been at the trouble to visit the convent at Lodi, and has embodied the results in these pages. He reproduces, among other

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

matters of interest, a photograph of the facsimile of Cosway's tomb, which the widow kept always near her at her Italian home, in curious proof of her constancy to her husband's memory, whatever the original circumstances of her marriage might have been.

The most valuable part of the book—if, indeed, this curiously disordered array of a handful of facts may be honoured by that title—is the scheme of reproductions by which the reader is enabled to judge pretty accurately of the methods and merits of Cosway. He will be able to do this, I will venture to say, even without the aid of the microscope which Mr. Williamson does not hesitate to recommend. You see Cosway, then, as one of the very few miniaturists who have painted real character into their faces; even he at times was inclined to deal with the human eye, its position and its size, as something of a formula, particularly in his treatment of rather prettily insipid women about whom the painter wished to say something complimentary, and did not particularly care about its strict veracity. It was the degeneration into formalism which finally destroyed the vogue of miniature-painting in this England; but such formalism, as has been said, was a fault from which Cosway was practically

free. It is difficult to make selection for praise from so many fine examples given in this work, but it would not be easy to find more delicately accomplished artistry of its kind than in the various miniatures of the Prince Regent. (By the way, the portrait facing page 38, named by Mr. Williamson "One of the Sons of George III.," is, of course, that of the Regent; a comparison with the noble portrait of George IV. facing page 1 will alone be sufficient for anybody who will take the trouble of comparison.) Here there was no need of flattery, for the subject was attractive enough, in all conscience; and it was, indeed, no miracle that, for the greater part of the artist's life, he was made more than happy by the patronage of the Prince. It was, however, and in all justice be it said, one of Cosway's most admirable qualities that he kept the integrity of his art despite the almost overwhelming demands made upon him by fashion. Finally, I part in peace and goodwill from Mr. Williamson, even forgiving him such phrases as "he commenced to take engagements" and "she found him in better health than she feared he might be," for this beautiful collection of specimens from Cosway's exquisite little art.



LADIES GEORGIANA AND HARRIET CAVENDISH (1789).

LADIES PRISCILLA AND GEORGIANA BERTIE.
Afterwards Baroness Willoughby de Eresby and
Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

* "Richard Cosway, R.A., and His Wife and Pupils, Miniaturists of the Eighteenth Century." By George C. Williamson, D.Lit. London: George Bell and Sons, 1897.

SHEEP-DOGS.

They are, apparently, very different—the sharp-nosed collie and the bobtailed sheep-dog, and yet they serve the same purpose. No breed has become so universally popular and fashionable during the last thirty years as the Scotch collie. This may be said advisedly when it is remembered that at the first Birmingham Dog Show there were only



AN AUSTRALIAN COLLIE, NUNDORA LADDIE.

Photo by Mr. McCall.

five entries, whereas now at some of the chief shows as many as three hundred are frequently catalogued. The great physical beauty of the collie and its singular intelligence are prominent and sufficient reasons for its becoming so great a favourite, despite, too, of its maligned character of being a treacherous animal.

The "collie-dog," as it was originally called, derives its name from the "collie," or the mountain sheep with black face and legs; indeed, Bewick speaks of the animal as the "coaly." The collie of the British Isles is smaller than the sheep-dog of foreign countries, where the guardian of the flock has to wage war against wolves, as in the Pyrenees. There the sheep-dog is often as big as a St. Bernard.

In a great sheep country like Australia one sees the collie in perfection as a worker. A good type is found in Nundora Laddie, which belongs to Mr. A. H. W. Clarkson, of Brisbane. He is the son of Nundora Laird, and traces his descent to Metchley Wonder on his father's side. His mother is Nundora Coral, who is by Sefton Hero out of Portington Bell, both too well known in England to want any further description. Nundora Laddie was bred by the Rev. T. St. J. P. Pughe, M.A., of Nundora, Toowoomba. He has two points difficult to acquire, size and quality, with immense bone, yet very active and graceful, a flat skull and good ears and body, perfect legs and feet, good tail and great undercoat, with magnificent ruff and frill. In colour he is white with black saddle, and the head, black and sable, has good collie expression, and is full of quality. He is the winner of one gold and two silver medals, and his prizes are



A GROUP OF CAMBINUAH COLLIES.

Photo by Mr. McCall.

legion. The group is composed of Cambinuah collies, all prize-winners, and also the property of the same owner.

The collie is capable of being trained to a high state of perfection, not only in the matter of performing tricks for exhibition purposes, but also in carrying out duties of a more useful character. As instances of the former, one may quote card-playing collies, which have been educated to pick up this or that card on the inaudible, except to them, "click" of their master's finger-nail, and no one will ever forget seeing the saving of life from fire by collies exhibited at the Royal Aquarium a while ago. In sheep-driving a collie will separate his own master's sheep from those of another owner when the flocks have become mixed, while the intelligence it frequently displays at the sheep-dog trials, when the feat required is to drivetwo sheep taken from one farm with a third sheep from another farm through a marked outline of country and finally into a pen, can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed such exhibitions. Naturally, it is not the handsomest dog which is most serviceable; indeed, looks and intelligence are generally in an inverse ratio. The show points of the collie have varied in course of years. At one time the ears were required to be carried as those of a fox-terrier, but now the "half-cock" is indispensable to success. However, the general question of "points" is too diffuse to be discussed here. Among the grandest specimens of the breed which have obtained premier honours most frequently have been Cockie (one of the earliest prize-winners), Charlemagne, Metchley Wonder, Rutland, Christopher, and Peggy II.

The bobtail, or old English sheep-dog, is a rough customer in more senses than one. He is a shock-headed and very rough-coated animal, and is most jealous of strangers; but to his master he is as true as



ENGLISH BOBTAIL, SUNNYBANK DUKE (96).

Photo by Fall, Notting Hill Gate

steel. His vocation is rather the driving of cattle than the driving of sheep, for he somewhat lacks patience. He has rare sagacity, and will pick out an individual cow from a herd under orders from his master. In driving sheep he will often run over the backs of a flock when required to head it. This dog has risen in popularity more rapidly as a show dog than even the collie; so much so, that few have any length of pedigree, and many winning specimens have been bought of drovers for half-a-crown—Dame Margery, the dam of Sir Caradoc, a grandam of Sir Cavendish, for instance. The bobtail in colour should be grizzle and white, or pigeon-blue and white. Black-and-tans and brindles are an abomination. The coat must be hard, and nothing of the poodle class is admissible. His great peculiarity is the possession of a naturally short tail, an inch or two long, although in the same litter long-tailed pups are found. The origin of the short tail, some think, is attributable to constant docking of progenitors, but Darwin denies that mutilation can become hereditary. Docking may be assigned to the time when undocked dogs were liable to be taxed, for the docked dog makes the worst of lurchers, not being able to follow the doublings of a hare with the same facility as the undocked, although some hold that the docked dog is more speedy. There is a superstition of over two thousand years old that the docked dog is not so liable to hydrophobia. It is said of the bobtailed sheep-dog that, having no tail to wag, he wags his hind quarters; and undoubtedly many have this habit, while a few will wag the tail vertically. The bobtail makes an ideal companion. A good specimen of the bobtail is represented by Mrs. G. Eumorfopoulos's Sunnybank Duke (96). Though only a puppy, having been born on May 24 last year, he attracted general notice and commendation at Craft's February Show at Islington, and won first prize in puppy class. If he fulfils his early promise, he undoubtedly will carry all before him in this now fashionable breed of dogs. Sunnybank Duke, who is by Harkaway out of Daisy Sykes (breeder, Mr. F. Wilmot), is a grand youngster, with a beautiful big square head and a body to match; he has lots of bone and is also densely coated.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

Irish Independence—at least, for the nonce—and concentrate themselves on the land question or rather, to hitch the national question on to that of the land. The former, he said, has to be *dragged*; the land movement, once started, will go of itself, like a cannon-ball running downhill. It will carry itself and Repeal too. Now this man, whose *tactique* was adopted in our time by Parnell, and with such striking results, a man who was himself a farmer's son and knew the Irish peasantry well, declared, as his most firm and profound conviction, that the Irish peasantry, in spite of their Repeal monster meetings, were not in earnest about Repeal and never would be. "For Repeal," he said, "they will only bark, not bite." So far from caring about it, they don't even understand it. Put the land question rightly before them, said Lalor, and they will blaze up gloriously. Whoever cares to study this man's broodings over the Irish Question will find them in a little book, the first volume of the "Shamrock Series," just published in Dublin (T. O. Donoghue, publisher), and they are very well worth study, for the germ of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" will be found here. Now the peasantry, as Lalor predicted, would not rally to Smith O'Brien and the others who in '48 "put themselves on the country." Again, between '60 and '70—the Fenian period—it is notorious that the farmers, as a class, held aloof from that movement: another proof of Lalor's sagacity. Since then the farmers have seen the Imperial Parliament pass four great measures of agrarian legislation, the

may be desirable. Military conditions won't do for the service of which I am thinking. It is two generations since the manhood of Ireland looked to the Regular Army for a career; only our social wreckage drifts now to the Army. The standard of comfort, the standard of personal independence and personal self-respect, has risen, has risen infinitely, since our peasantry formed the bulk of those armies which triumphed over Napoleon's Generals in the Peninsula. Make the service worthy of the adoption of decently nurtured men, and Ireland herself, which below its cant is *not* anti-Imperialist, will supply an Imperial force which Fenianism will not dare to look in the face. These opinions will not be readily accepted, but they are those of one who has studied closely contemporary Ireland and its past history. I doubt not it will be news to many of my readers when I inform them that the so-called Elizabethan conquest of Ireland was the work mainly of some such force as that which, as I have suggested, might be summoned forth to-morrow for the defence of the Empire and the maintenance of social order in this portion of her Majesty's dominions.

HIBERNICUS.

A KITTIWAKE COLONY.

The kittiwake is the commonest and most evenly distributed of the gulls of Western Europe. Every seaside visitor knows the bird, pure



THE "BIRD ROCK," ON THE WAY FROM HAMMERFEST TO THE NORTH CAPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. HAGEN, HAMMERFEST.

Gladstonian Acts of 1870 and 1881, and the Conservative Acts of 1887 and 1896, besides divers Purchase Acts. They believe, and with good reason, that from the same quarter they will get all they want and more than they deserve, and that there is no necessity at all for invoking the demon of revolution and social anarchy. The Irish peasantry were not Nationalists when they were mere tenants-at-will, and are certainly not such now, when they possess a valuable interest in the soil, derived from the action of the Imperial Parliament. The Imperial Government, if it be not too niggardly, too dilatory, or too suspicious, can call forth from Ireland an armed and disciplined power fit to cope with and suppress any rebellious movement, without the necessity of sending into the country a single regiment of the Army.

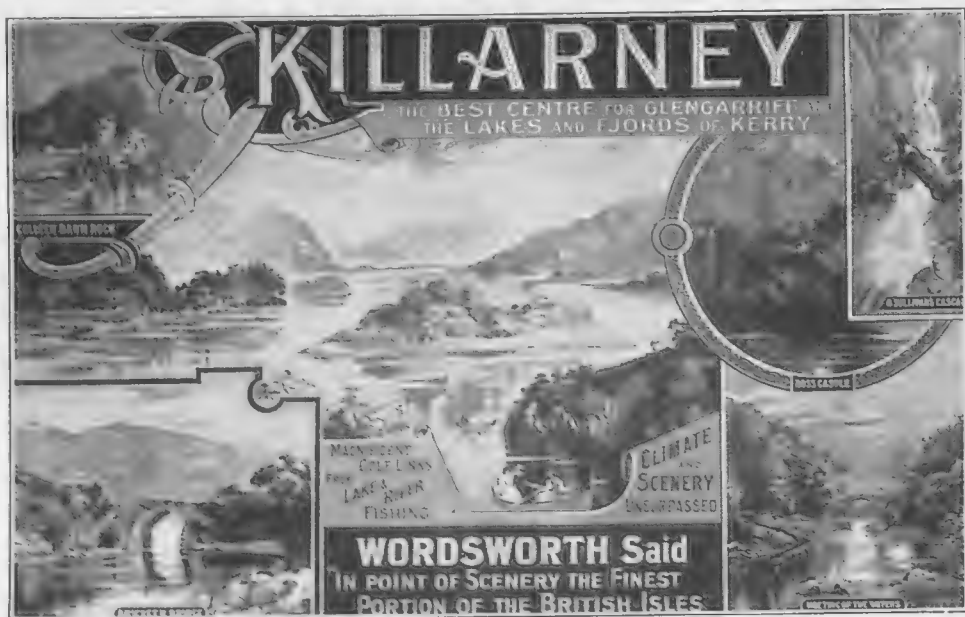
The Government, by offering just conditions, can draw into its service for local purposes as many young Irishmen, and of the best type, as it may happen to require, and these men will be as loyal to the service and as true to their salt as the Royal Irish Constabulary. But, observe, the conditions must be just and rational, and worthy of the acceptance of freemen. The remuneration must be generous, and on a scale approximating to that of the Constabulary. The service, if the enlisted men choose to remain in it, must be for a long term, with a pension. The State is not to be at liberty to disband this force as soon as the crisis is over. When organised, this force will constitute a National Guard, so enabling the Government to shift the Regulars to the East of Europe, Venezuela, South Africa, or wherever else their presence

white below and pearly grey as to the back and wings, which haunts every beach in the kingdom; but to see the kittiwake at home, discharging its nursery duties, is not the lot of everybody. The birds breed in vast myriads, choosing some stupendous cliff overhanging the sea for their nesting-place. The illustration shows a small portion of such a colony on what is known as the "Bird Rock," on the Norwegian coast, between Hammerfest and the North Cape. The nests begin on the ledges about twenty-five or thirty feet above the sea, out of reach of heavy spray, and are found on every available jut and ledge up to the very summit, and, if you can peep over the crest of the cliff, you may see the hen birds on the nests, and their dutiful mates perched beside them. A shout, or a stone thrown over, produces an extraordinary sight which has never been better described than by Captain Fielden: "The kittiwakes, tier by tier, left their nests, giving the appearance of a vast white sheet rolling up from the face of the cliff and dissolving into snow." This gull makes a better nest than most of the genus, constructing it of dry seaweed on a foundation of turf, and sometimes going so far as to add a few feathers to the interior. In this she lays two or three eggs. The inquiring mind is prone to ask, when a whole colony of sitting birds takes wing at alarm, how does each mother find her own nest again among the tens of thousands on the rock face? The kittiwake is the proud possessor of twenty-six classical names, any given twenty-five of which every self-respecting naturalist believes to be wrong. If you call it *Larus rissa*, you will err in the society of Linnaeus.

IRELAND AS A HOLIDAY-RESORT.

BY RICHARD ASHE KING.

It is a pity no royal Columbus has yet discovered Ireland as a holiday-resort. If her Majesty, who, in a reign of sixty years, has spent twelve days in that country, had made it, by her residence, as fashionable as she has made Scotland, the social, economical, and political results



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Emmison Brothers.

would have been considerable. Ireland would have been fertilised by an annual Nile-inundation of tourists, to the better mutual understanding of the two peoples. As it is, Ireland is left out in the cold—the Cinderella of the sisters, though, like Cinderella, she is, at her loveliest, the most beautiful of the three. No doubt there are vast stretches of the island Dantesque in their dreariness and desolation, owing to the crater-like conformation of the country. Her hills stand round about her, intercept and break up the rain-clouds, and waterlog her cup-shaped centre with endless and bottomless bogs. At her loveliest, however, Ireland is incomparably beautiful, and the tourist need see her only at her loveliest. Where should he make his descent upon the country? He might do worse than try the Holyhead and Greenore route, on which the London and North-Western Company have just placed a fine new boat, the *Connemara*. She is a twin-screw steamer, 280 feet long, 35 feet moulded breadth, and 15 feet moulded depth, built entirely of steel, and on the fine lines of the fastest of the trans-atlantic boats. Her first-class accommodation really is first-class, while her third-class passengers are unusually well treated, to the extent even of the provision of a separate cabin for ladies. Special attention has been paid to the ventilation of the vessel by fans worked by electric motors, while she is lit throughout with the electric-light. Her speed, between sixteen and eighteen knots, reduces by an hour the passage.

Greenore, situated on the beautiful Carlingford Lough, is a pleasant watering-place, with an hotel at once comfortable in its accommodation and moderate in its charges, where you can play golf, if you are lazy, and whence, if you are energetic, you can make excursions on the Carlingford Lough and through the lovely Mourne Mountain districts. After this rest and refreshment at Greenore, you can make wing *via* Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, where you can exhaust your tourist's privilege of grumbling on two things—on the name, since it is neither a causeway nor gigantic, and on the guides who infest you like the fleas that infested Curran—"if they had been unanimous, they'd have shored me out of bed." If some Keating could invent a powder effective against the swarming parasites of the Giant's Causeway and of Killarney, the world would not willingly let his name die. The Giant's Causeway does not strike you as gigantic, for the paradoxical reason that there is so much of it, since the width of these amazing geological formations dwarfs their height. The Causeway proper is made up of three promontories of rock, composed of about 40,000 polygonal columns, each consisting of many separate pieces, which fit into each other as though they had been chiselled into shape. It is certainly one of the wonders of the world, while the coast scenery is superb and sublime, and the drive of sixty miles along this coast from the Causeway to Belfast is glorious.

Belfast is bustling, Philistine, and uninteresting to any tourist already acquainted with an English or Scotch manufacturing town, and in these respects is in striking contrast with the next city on your route, Dublin. You think, as you compare the two cities, of the retort of the Boston girl to the

Philadelphia girl, who ventured to urge on behalf of the Quaker city that, "at least, it was well laid out." "Well laid out!" retorted the scornful Bostonian. "I guess Boston would be twice as well laid out if it was half as dead." Dublin certainly does strike you as asleep, but she is a sleeping beauty compared with that homely and hard-working housewife Belfast.

In Dublin the tourist should see Trinity College—"The Silent Sister," as she has been called, presumably from her having produced, in proportion to the number of her *alumni* (drawn, up to yesterday, from a mere handful of Irish Episcopals), a larger number of great men than any other University. He should see also St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals, which have been restored respectively by a brewer and by a distiller. It is in her surroundings, however, that Dublin excels all capitals; for more lovely views than are to be seen of her bay, from Howth on the north, from Bray Head on the south, or, intermediately and above all, from Killiney, could hardly be desired or imagined. Nor could the most exacting tourist wish for lovelier excursions than lie within easy reach of Dublin—to Bray, the Dargle, Powerscourt, the Devil's Glen, and Glendalough. From Dublin you should make for Killarney, *via* Cork (whence you should visit Cappoquin and the noble beauties of the Blackwater) and Glengariff the incomparable. "What," asks Thackeray, "sends picturesque tourists to the Rhine and Saxon Switzerland? Within five miles round the pretty inn of Glengariff there is a country of the magnificence of which no pen can give an idea." It is superb, and superb also is the drive from Glengariff to Killarney. And Killarney? If Killarney but smiles on you, or even smiles upon you through her tears, and does not weep gloomily and continually, then you can forgive, if you are not for a moment allowed to forget, its beggars, touts, and guides. Could one say more?

Or, if more can be said, it has been said by the most ardent of all worshippers of lake scenery, Wordsworth, who pronounced Killarney "to be in point of scenery the finest portion of the British Isles."

From Killarney you should make *via* Limerick for the Shannon, and sail down that majestic river to Kilrush, where you disembark and cross the country to that "Biarritz of Ireland," Kilkee, the most charming of seaside resorts. From Kilkee you should go to Miltown Malbay, if only to see the sublime Cliffs of Moher. Well is it worth while "to step aside to see this great sight," this stupendous rampart, miles in length and in height six hundred feet, sheer as a wall, confronting for ever the league-long rollers of the Atlantic. From Miltown Malbay you should take the train *via* Ennis to Galway, where you should pay a special visit to the Claddagh, and study its exclusive people, and whence you should take the mail-car into Connemara. What is to be said of Achill and of Clew Bay with its islands—

That together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amid the evening clouds?

May we again quote the unimpeachable admiration of Thackeray? "And presently I caught sight not only of a fine view, but of the most beautiful view I ever saw in the world, I think, and to enjoy the splendour of which I would travel a hundred miles in that car with that very horse and driver. The Bay and the Reek which sweeps down to the sea, and a hundred islands in it, were dressed up in gold and purple and crimson, with the whole cloudy west in a flame. Wonderful! wonderful!" And this exclamation of Thackeray's is the only adequate expression of your admiration at sight of Clew Bay, Achill, Croagh Patrick, and that stupendous sheer wall of rock, two thousand feet high—"the great bastion of Europe"—the Cliffs of Croghan.



THE "CONNEMARA."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



READY FOR THE PARK: A SLAP-UP CORINTHIAN.



SHE 'ASNT A 'AT TO GO TO THE 'EATH.



"NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL."



OLD MAN : How 's John to-day ?

ANXIOUS FEMALE : Very bad ; doctor said, when 'e brought 'is medicine, as 'ow 'e can't last through the night.

OLD MAN : Ah, well ! 'e ought to know. 'E knows what 'e gives 'im.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The reprint of Mr. Meredith's "Essay on Comedy" (A. Constable) is the most notable Meredithian event of recent years. It dates from his most agile days. The subject is peculiarly one for him to deal with, and in his treatment of it he is expounding a good part of his own aims. There are gems of perfect criticism in it, and of perfect appreciation; there is much wisdom, not a line of extravagance. The essay was much needed at the date of its writing, twenty years back; it is hardly less needed now. But perhaps Mr. Meredith is urging the cultivation of a spirit which will always be largely alien to us, though in humour we are behind none of the nations of the world. In his definition of Comedy, or rather, of the Comic spirit, he refines and distinguishes and attaches his own meaning to the name. Great mental agility, uncommon receptiveness, the most civilised social habits—which Mr. Meredith declares can only exist where women play a dignified and natively intellectual part—are all essential to the flourishing of the spirit he is keen to see a power in our midst. Farce is out of count at once, therefore; and with its going our comedy sadly dwindles. But Farce is, according to him, a real outsider. There are other subtler intruders of the realm, or rather, degraded natives, to whom we English have given too hearty a liking. When we are not farical, in our comic moods we are apt to be saturnine, revelling in ugly realism. Molière is his great example of reproof. "The Comedy of Molière throws no infamous reflection upon life. It is deeply conceived, in the first place, and therefore it cannot be impure. Meditate on that statement." Indeed, it is worth meditation. He demands for the Comedy, which shall be at once a delight to the quickened mind and an urbane, charming, effective censor of our manners, that it reflect life by no deep and ugly photographic success. Menander and Molière were great and powerful because they "idealised upon life; the fountain of their types is real and in the quick, but they painted with spiritual strength, which is the solid in Art." The essay is full of fine things deeply thought and exquisitely expressed, and whether or not it cries for the cultivation of something rather alien to our genius, our comic dramas and novels declare loudly that even a semi-success on Mr. Meredith's lines would mean a long advance in civilisation.

The short poetic play is struggling with the circle where popular critics take note of it. It is late-born in England, in this century at least, but there are signs that it has a future, and one specimen of it, Mr. Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire," had a *succès d'estime* on the stage. The newest one is Mr. Ernest Dowson's "The Pierrot of the Minute" (Smithers), for which Mr. Beardsley has made a frontispiece and decorations. It is an interesting experiment with a good deal of charm about it, the story consisting of the fatal love of Pierrot for the Moon Maiden, a pretty variation of an old tale. Pierrot has loved for a moment, but his doom is long—

All thy days are mine, dreamer of dreams,
All silvered over with the moon's pale beams:
Go forth and seek in each fair face in vain
To find the image of thy love again.
All maids are kind to thee, yet never one
Shall hold thy truant heart till day be done;
Whom once the moon has kissed, loves long and late,
Yet never finds the maid to be his mate.

The scene is laid in the Parc du Petit Trianon, and, therefore, as well as for other reasons, the whole plan of the piece is prettily artificial. The artificiality is perhaps, however, a little overdone when the Moon Lady asks him questions out of Love's Catechism from a "little book bound deliciously in vellum." And there is a more certain mistake in allowing Pierrot to be impolite. Petulantly and to her face he asks the Lady—

Wilt thou hold my heart for ever?
Rather would I thine forget,
In some earthly Pierrette.

But in its slight and even faulty way the little drama in verse is charming and poetic, with bright fancies in it, as this, for instance, of the pleasures of the small moon-maids—

Sedate they are, yet games they much enjoy;
They skip with stars, the rainbow is their toy.

And, generally speaking, the finish is better than in any other verse of Mr. Dowson's I have seen.

The central idea of the fantasy—

Whom once the moon has kissed, loves long and late,
Yet never finds the maid to be his mate—

is the theme of Mr. Hardy's new book "The Well-Beloved" (Osgood). It is not, of course, a new story altogether; but those who read it as "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" in the *Illustrated London News* a few years ago will find a good many substantial changes. Jocelyn, the man who "loves long and late," who pursues "one shape of many names," is the same; the adventures of his heart with the three generations of Aviee Caros are the same, save that he does not marry the third Aviee, and thus some of his readers escape a shock, while the elaborate incidents of the end—the attempt to get drowned and the other desperate circumstances of his magnanimous conduct in giving up the young woman to her young lover—are suppressed. It is now a better and a more dignified story, and, speaking from memory, without a close comparison of the two versions, it emphasises far more strongly the two conflicting currents in Jocelyn's nature. He is not merely the man bent on finding the visionary perfect woman of his soul, and finding the vision ever turn to dust and ashes on a nearer view; he is likewise the man of tremendously strong racial sympathies, who is not only baulked

in his search by his uneasy, importunate, unsatisfiable artist nature, but also by the demands which his hereditary instincts make on him, driving him to long for the love of a woman of his own isle, who, nevertheless, cannot content his fastidious intellect. I do not think "The Well-Beloved" is going to be a favourite among Mr. Hardy's books. There is a deep-running, widespread contempt for fickleness; and it will be called hair-splitting and fine nonsense to differentiate Jocelyn from the merely fickle lover who loves and rides away. The fact that he rarely stopped long enough in the neighbourhood of any one of his many beloveds to make her in the least unhappy will only puzzle, not convince. But it is permissible at least, one may humbly urge, to represent, and lovingly as here, the more shadowy, the less normal, sides of human character.—O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Another week slips by without battle on the Thessalian frontier, and each week adds to the Turkish strength and the prospects of peace in equal measure. The Greeks will not move, because they are obviously overmatched in numbers, position, and—on land at least—fighting quality. At sea they might have the advantage; but here the Powers might come in. The Turks will not attack, because they know that they will not be allowed to gain anything by victory, whereas they might lose by defeat. They are ready enough to leave Crete, and, if Greece had been of a prosaic and practical turn, she could probably have bought the island for the money she has spent on armaments. To be sure, it is the bondholders' money.

The Oriental, and especially the absolute Oriental ruler, will do a good deal for cash down; still more will his advisers. A million sterling would have made Abdul the Etcetera'd reflect; two millions, with an extra sum for "moral and intellectual damages," would have found him ready to sell Crete, and much more at the same rate. The Turk has never felt altogether at home in Europe, and he sits lightly even yet. At bottom he has a good deal of the old nomad in him. The Dey of Algiers, when Louis XIV. had his city smashed up by the newly invented bomb-ketches, asked the French Admiral how much it had cost to burn Algiers. The Admiral told him. A flash of regret crossed the stolid features of the Dey. "Why did you not tell me beforehand?" he asked. "I would have burnt the place myself for half the money."

The difficulty now lies in the presence of Colonel Vassos and his merry men. The Turkish troops in certain Cretan cities are not likely to give trouble. They are between the—Christians and the deep sea, and the latter has many ironclads. Did they dream of being obstinate, the Admirals would shell them on to the bayonets of the Insurgents. But the Greek force, encouraging attacks on the forts, stimulating the agitation for annexation to Greece, circulating all sorts of wild reports, renders anything like quiet impossible. Christians and Mohammedans live together quietly enough in Cyprus, under a strong and just Government; there is no absolute necessity for their feuds to continue in Crete. The Hellenic Government must necessarily represent only one side in the controversy. Its army comes avowedly to help the Christians, not to reconcile Christians and Moslems. The Mohammedan Cretans formerly were a ruling minority, like the Boers in the Transvaal. Now they are a minority struggling for existence, like the peasants of La Vendée in the French Revolution.

Now let us suppose that a large British army invaded the Transvaal, and, with the active assistance of the Uitlanders, subdued the country. Would the Boers, in that case, expect to receive favourable or even just treatment? And yet England is strong enough, and has sometimes been willing enough, to treat the vanquished with justice, and even generosity. But when an outside Power intervenes in favour of one party in a civil dispute, it is generally led to show partiality to the faction with which it is allied. This is well-nigh inevitable in a case in which the intervening State is not strong enough to hold its own ground without the continued help of the friendly party. The Cretan Christians do not mean to let the Mussulmans alone any more than these latter mean to submit. Annex the island to Greece before pacifying its civil feuds, and the Greek soldiers must either connive at acts of plunder or even massacre, or take up arms against their friends.

The recent events at Canea are a case in point. The European fleets had to bombard the insurgents, to keep them out of forts commanding the city; and a few days after they were on the point of shelling the Turkish irregulars—that is, the armed Mohammedan Cretans in the town—for sallying out and wantonly bringing on a conflict. So would any strong Government of Crete have to do, for a time at any rate. But would Colonel Vassos shell his allies? He has, indeed, said that insurgents attacking European troops should be shot. But, were the shooting left to the Greek troops, the execution might safely be fixed for the Greek Kalends—and small blame to Colonel Vassos. It is only we who put our irregular champions in prison.

Vassos, then, must go, and the Turks also; and the irregulars on both sides must be disarmed. And even then the new Governor of Crete will have a lively time. The island has always been ungovernable and turbulent, its inhabitants given to fighting and feuds. It will probably remain for a century more what it has always been—an elongated Corsica, with a religious *vendetta*—and no Napoleon.

MARMITON.

"MARKS AND MONOGRAMS ON POTTERY AND PORCELAIN." *

There are people who in a contemptuous way fancy that those whom they call chinamanias are rare in number, and that the fad will wear out. Possibly the new edition of Chaffers' "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain" will upset this view, for it is the eighth edition of a costly work which has proved immensely successful. When I say that the new edition is a book containing nine hundred and ninety-seven pages, with three thousand five hundred illustrations admirably printed on good paper, I think it may be assumed that the people interested in the subject are numerous. The very history of the work is worth noting. The first edition appeared in 1863, and in thirteen years five more appeared. Ten years later came the seventh, greatly augmented, and it was reprinted in 1891. The learned author died, and, as editor for the eighth edition, which honours this year by its appearance, the services of Mr. Frederick Litchfield, the famous expert, were engaged. The value of his work may be judged from the fact that he has added five hundred potters' and painters' marks, and that many of the articles have been rewritten and some new ones inserted. Let me add that the Chaffers of 1863 is a slim volume of two hundred and seventy pages, while the Chaffers of the Record Reign year is four times as great.

It is difficult in such a mass of matter, consisting not merely of technical information for the benefit of collectors, but also of interesting historical notices, to know what to select. A glimpse of the magnitude of the subject may be obtained from the fact that in the kingdom of France in the year 1790 there were established a hundred and sixty-eight manufactories of faïence, not including the manufactories of ware for common use, but only those of reputation. In the new articles, I notice with interest the prominence given to English workers. For instance, Mr. Litchfield refers to the beautiful pottery of Mr. William de Morgan—I wonder whether he is related to the late De Morgan, mathematician, wit, and logician?—now of Fulham and Great Marlborough Street, who, working in the true style of the potter to produce beautiful, original pieces, has an immense reputation with connoisseurs for his lustre-work and his pottery in the Persian style. The mark is not without interest, consisting of a tulip and two leaves, with the letters "D. M."

Another new-comer to the book, though old friend of mine, is the superb Martin ware of salt-glaze work, produced by the potters of Southall and Brownlow Street, who labour loyally with artistic feelings that make them peers of any artist of our land. Their mark is simple signature. By-the-by, discussion about tariffs in the States caused me to glance at the heading "America," and, broadly speaking, it may be said that the chapter, of several pages, is like the celebrated one in Horrebrow's "Snakes in Iceland." America, indeed, does something in the way of pottery, but, despite the fens of Wedgwood in 1755, Mr. Litchfield writes that "the subject is not really of such importance to the English amateur as to render a lengthy treatise on this branch of our subject desirable." However, I have one or two pieces of American pottery decidedly pretty and in good taste, though timid and uncharacteristic. Alas for the effect of protective treaties!

An interesting feature of the book lies in its reference to the Henri II. ware, to which, however, discarding that name and also the classification of Oïron, Mr. Litchfield gives the now popular title, "St. Porchaire." There are but sixty-five pieces of this pottery known to be in existence, and a list of them and their owners is given: five in

Russia, and the rest in England and France, we having almost half. I am glad to say half-a-dozen are in the South Kensington Museum, of the estimated value of £2400, but one less than those owned by the Louvre. The Rothschilds of England and France own almost a quarter of the total number. The highest price paid till now for St. Porchaire is £3675 for a candlestick. In case any of my readers think they have picked up a piece of Henri II., I give the specimen of the only potter's mark found on the known pieces, and it is disputed whether this is a real mark. I may remark that the beauty of St. Porchaire, which was made between 1520 and 1550, is of a somewhat technical character, and it may be regarded as "caviare to the general," without scorn of the "general"—I do not refer to the cheap domestic "slavey," nor did Shakspeare—save in the eyes of the connoisseur.

So many potteries are famous and well known to the general public that it seems well to refer to one highly appreciated by the *cognoscenti*, yet comparatively ignored by the man in the street—I mean the charming Bristol porcelain, long ago extinct so far as manufacture is concerned. Some idea of its character may be gained from the illustration of six pieces which in 1871 were sold for £565. The work is really charming in some respects, though certainly rarity is the chief element in its value.

It may seem somewhat vulgar to speak constantly of price in relation to pottery, yet it is difficult to give any other idea of value. Consequently, without shame, I mention that her Majesty possesses a Sèvres dessert-service made originally for Louis XVI., afterwards purchased by George IV., and placed in the Green Drawing-Room at Windsor Castle, where it now is, the value of which has been assessed at £100,000. The ground-colour is a rich *bleu du roi*, and the medallions of mythological subjects are by Dodin, Philippine, Legay, and Asselin. It may be mentioned that the plates, which cost originally less than twenty pounds apiece, are now worth six or seven times the amount. Concerning the popular Dresden factory, which it is often said, erroneously, was the first to manufacture true porcelain in Europe, I may give a curious quotation. "The Kaolin"—the China Clay—"was sent from Aue, near Schneeberg, in casks sealed by dumb persons. The workmen were shut up under lock and key at Meissen in a fortress, and the oath which they had taken to keep the secret till death was placed upon the walls



SOME SPECIMENS OF PORCELAIN.

of the workshops." These precautions for secrecy were continued for about a century. By-the-by, the Japanese Palace at Dresden contains 150 superb pieces of china, the result of a curious bargain made in 1717, by which they were ceded by the King of Prussia to Augustus "the Strong" of Saxony in exchange for a regiment of dragoons without horses, uniforms, or arms. The original invoices are preserved to this day among the archives of Dresden.

Of course, fashions vary extraordinarily in matters of pottery—a fact which lends an element of risk and excitement to the collecting. Except perhaps in such cases as St. Porchaire, or early Italian faïence, or famous sets of Sèvres, one has to assume that there will be fluctuations. Nor are even they above all peril—many pieces of Henri II. must have been made, and there may be some creature who in foolish ignorance owns a treasury of pieces the appearance of which will some day horrify the present owner. Apart from this, of course, since collectors increase in number and costly pieces sometimes get broken, the value goes on gradually increasing. There may be a limit, but, as money grows cheaper and cheaper, it is difficult to conceive what it may be.

To those unattracted or even repelled by the title, which suggests mere technical details and collectors' facts, I would say that the book is full of interesting historical details. Indeed, I believe that to many who could not tell Chelsea from Dresden, and never have heard of Capo di Monte, the book will be fascinating, while to the connoisseur it is obviously irresistible.

E. F. S.

* "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain." By W. Chaffers. London: Reeves and Turner. Eighth Edition.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

I have reproduced the illustrations of the West Herts and Berkhamstead League match less for the interest of the game than for the excellence of the photographs, which are a great credit to Mr. J. T. Newman.

Except for the test matches in connection with the Leagues, there would seem to be nothing to justify the continuance of the football season. Elsewhere the big ball is being put aside, and the young athlete's fancy is joyously turning to thoughts of cricket. Let us all hope that the weather during the summer months will be propitious, for surely nothing more dismal than a wet cricket season can be imagined. Last Saturday we had decided the final tie of the Football Association Challenge Cup, together with the final tie in the Rugby



themselves to be wrong and ask Wales to return to the fold, testimonial notwithstanding. I sincerely hope they will do so. There has been some talk of club-matches between the two countries being vetoed, and, indeed, the Welsh Union would have taken the initiative in this respect if their own rules would have permitted them. Of course, they would have been perfectly justified in this action; but, inasmuch as already several London clubs have arranged games with Welsh clubs for next year, I do not suppose the parting will occur. The Blackheath match-card is not yet out, and I hear from a good source that Newport will refuse to make matches with, and so put money into the coffers of, the Blackheath club, the Welshmen arguing that, if they are not amateur enough to play as a country, then they surely cannot be good enough to play as a club. There is logic in this, but the Newport team are too fond of visits to London to break the connection.

So far as the 1897-8 season is concerned, we are likely to have some alterations in the rules of Association football. In the first place, a movement is on foot, as I have already announced, to give



County Championship. There is outstanding the final tie of the Amateur Cup competition, in which the Old Carthusians and Stockton have already met without satisfactory result. The Amateur Cup, however, is not a very serious tournament, and perhaps more interesting is the Army Cup, which, as usual, will be decided on Easter Monday.

On the whole, it has been one of the most satisfactory football seasons that I can remember. It was time we lost the Association International Championship to Scotland, but I don't mind if we always lose it in similar circumstances. As a matter of fact, if we continue to play football as we played it against Scotland, we shall not always lose. It is a great satisfaction to us, after all, to know that we were beaten with a grand team by a grand team, and that the issue was dependent upon luck more than upon any other cause.

So far as the Rugby International Championship is concerned, we neither lost nor won. The Championship fell to no country, owing partly, perhaps chiefly, to the exclusion of Wales from the competition. What will happen next year it is difficult to say—difficult because one cannot look for consistency in the International Board, who are just as likely as not to own



the goalkeeper a better chance, by preventing charges until he is actually holding the ball or obstructing an opponent. The matter, instituted by the English Union, will be discussed by the International

Board, and I hope that the motion will be carried, because it seems to me that anything calculated to make football a game of skill rather than a test of brute force should be agreed to. There is no cleverness attached to the scoring of a goal while the custodian is made powerless to save.

Another suggestion made by the Football Association is that hands should not be penalised unless the offence is wilful. Often enough a player has the misfortune to have the ball bounce up to his hand when he is in a good position for scoring. Of course, some objection will be taken on the score of the difficulty which referees would have in discriminating between wilful and unintentional handling. Still, even as it is, referees have so many grave responsibilities of the kind that the objection should be overruled.



THE WEST HERTS AND BERKHAMSTEAD LEAGUE MATCH.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTEAD.

CRICKET.

Cricketers are already bestirring themselves for the approaching season, which promises to be one of the best on record. Operations practically commence at Eastertide with the Colts' matches. Notts have already published their arrangements. The eleven for the occasion will be composed of Mr. C. W. Wright, Mr. A. R. Bennett, Mr. P. W. Oseroff, and the usual professionals, with the exception of Attewell. Mr. Oseroff, by the way, assisted Newport when they played Blackheath at the Rectory Field, and showed very fine form at three-quarter back.

Among the Colts at the service of the county are some fast bowlers, including Heeley, of Sheffield, Linby, and Newthorpe, together with J. Taylor, of Kimberley, a professional. There are a couple of wicket-keepers in Keyworth and Thomas Oates, of Eastwood, the former being also a medium-pace bowler and with a fair reputation as a bat. It is in fast bowling that Notts have showed a weakness of late years, ever since, in fact, they lost Shacklock, who, by the way, is engaged in club cricket.

Mention of club cricket reminds me that it is not likely that any of the Yorkshire professionals will play in matches other than those connected with the county. This is because of the decision of the committee to pay winter salaries. It is worth mentioning that Mr. F. S. Jackson, the well-known Yorkshire amateur, has had no fewer than seventy-two invitations to become president of minor clubs. Mr. Jackson may be regarded as a certainty for a place in Mr. Stoddart's Anglo-Australian team next winter.

At Eastertide, too, the annual Surrey Young Gentlemen and Young Players match will be played at the Oval, where practice has already set in in earnest. Hayward and Richardson have been let off for the present for a private engagement with a gentleman at Preston. Richardson is one of the large body of cricketers who are devoting a little attention to literature. He has written an article of about three thousand words for the "Encyclopedia of Sport," on the subject of fast bowling, and about this Richardson ought to be able to say something interesting. The article will, I understand, be published some time in June—probably in honour of the Queen's longest reign.

RACQUETS.

Sensational play at the classic game of racquets has not generally to be recorded. Some really marvellous play was seen the other day in a doubles match in the semi-final tie of the championship, when W. L. and R. E. Foster, who are brothers of the famous H. K. Foster, beat F. C. Scotter and C. H. Mortimer by four games to love; and not only by four games to love, but by 15-0, 15-0, 15-0, and 15-0.

The cause of this was the extraordinary service of W. L. Foster, who will be recognised as the well-known Corinthian half-back. He credited himself with a sequence of 36 aces, and, as may be imagined, the opposition had very little chance of distinguishing themselves. Surely there must be a record about this performance? OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is very unlikely indeed that the Queen will go to Ascot this year; at the same time, I am told the meeting on the Royal Heath will be one of the biggest racing functions of the century, and vast improvements are being made in the Royal Stand and enclosures, to accommodate as many visitors as possible. I think part of the enclosure leading to the weighing-room door might, without inconvenience to anybody, be joined on to the Royal Enclosure, thus providing room for at least five hundred more visitors.

The City and Suburban will, I think, be one of the best races of the year, and I believe the Prince of Wales is to attend the meeting, so that there should be a representative show of the nobility and gentry. Balsamo is a hot favourite for the race in question, and it can be taken for granted that Marsh has some of the best trying tackle at Newmarket, but Quarrel will have to be reckoned with in the race. Touching on trials reminds me that once Mr. R. P. Anson, who frames the City and Suburban Handicap, and R. Marsh brought off a big trial by moonlight at Newmarket. They put india-rubber shoes on the horses to get them out of their stables, and the lads knew nothing of the trial taking place.

Clorane and Winkfield's Pride stand out as two of the best Handicap horses in training, and it now remains to be seen what they can do in weight-for-age races. My own opinion is that Winkfield's Pride will make Persimmon galloway in the race for the Cup at Ascot, and both may catch a Tartar in Omium III., who ought to have won at the meeting last year.

It is an open secret that the Jockey Club contemplate having the betting question settled once for all, and, as one or two high legal luminaries are members of the Club, the means to be adopted should prove successful. At the same time, I think it was a pity the suggestion to license bookmakers was not carried into effect two years back, when it was also proposed that the Jockey Club should establish a staff of constables. One can only hope that the Metropolitan meetings will not at any time have to be carried on without the presence of the police.

One of the moving spirits of the Ripon Meeting is Mr. R. C. Vyner, who, as long ago as 1865, won his first race of any note at Wetherby, Bryan securing the Hunt Cup. From cross-country sport to flat-racing was an easy transition, but the first horse never really died, if it waned somewhat, and Alpheus, Malchus, Upsilon, Sand Chat, and others have,

during the last year or two, successfully borne the popular Fairfield colours. Mr. Vyner's horses were for a time trained by Matthew Dawson at Newmarket, and it was not through any difference with the *doyen* of his profession that Mr. Vyner had his horses transferred to Yorkshire. It was simply because the owner of the famous Marcion wished to see them at exercise as the whim took him. Matthews, who trains his horses, used to be with Mat Dawson.

In the history of the Turf, Lewes forms a long chapter. In the early part of last century races used to be run on the South Downs for the benefit of royalty. In 1729 the Prince of Wales, who was afterwards the Second George, after reviewing the English and Dutch fleets at Portsmouth, went off post haste, attended by his full suite, to Lewes, there to see races, the principal event being the King's Plate, worth a hundred pounds—a big prize for that period of insignificant stakes. This particular race was run in three heats, and entries had to be made at Verrall's Coffee House. Now, 170 years afterwards, Mr. A. Verrall is Clerk of the Scales.

SIR RICHARD BURTON.*

We gather from the wording of the title-page of this book that the previous biography of Burton, which was compiled by his widow, was not approved by his relatives. A man's kinsfolk are often bad judges in such matters; but, in the present instance, we are not surprised at the dissatisfaction. Lady Burton's book gave no true picture of the impetuous, restless, and, withal, noble man to those who knew him in the flesh. Among those who had not that privilege her presentment would leave a wholly false impression.

One drawback Burton shared with the great Apostle—he shared little else—was in being "born out of due time." He should have lived in the days of Drake, of Frobisher, and of Howard; the days of the old sea-dogs who were smiled on and "sweated" by the "Good" but parsimonious, Queen Bess. But heroes are cheap in this century; and the world, short-memoried and careless, uses or disdains to use to fitting purposes its finer material, else Burton would

have died Governor of a Colony instead of a humble British Consul. Born in 1821, he came of an old Hertfordshire family. Compliance with his father's wish—himself the son of a parson—took Burton to Cambridge to study for the Church; but inclination, and the spirit of revolt ever in him, took him to the racecourse, with the result that he was "sent down," and advised not to return. So he entered John Company's service as a soldier, and, failing active work, picked up divers Oriental languages, and studied Moslem divinity. Thereby he qualified himself for that famous dare-devil pilgrimage in disguise as a True Believer which he made in his thirty-second year to the holy places of Islam. The story of that risky adventure, as, indeed, of his numerous journeys, and of his important discoveries of the great Central African lakes, is excellently summarised in this book. Skilfully portrayed, too, are those personal characteristics which were the secret of his success as a traveller and of his failure as an official. Part of the blame of this latter is, with warrant, laid at the feet of his wife, whose ardour as a proselytising Catholic was excelled only by her indiscretion. When Burton was Consul at Damascus, the Moslem community was incensed at Lady Burton's attempted baptisings of dying followers of the Prophet. That folly cost her husband his appointment. But, so far as family grievances go, the justification of anger lies in the shameful act which followed Burton's last breath. In her eagerness to effect the death-bed conversion of one who all through life had made light of religion, Lady Burton persuaded a priest to administer Extreme Unction to Burton's corpse.

This book is crisply and brightly written, but there are occasional lapses in syntax, as in this sentence, which follows reference to the date and place of birth of Burton: "His mother, one of three co-heiresses, had married the earliest; and he, her first child, became the darling of the household." Which may be construed into the curious statement that Burton's mother wedded a woman, who became her own son!



SIR RICHARD BURTON.

Photo by Kingsbury, Wandsworth.

* "The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G." Written with the authority and approval of the Burton Family by his Niece, Georgiana M. Stisted. London: H. S. Nichols.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

People rarely guess how much greater is the influence of the player on the character than of the character on the player. The difference between the Pierrot of Mdlle. Mallet, in "A Pierrot's Life," and that of Signora

Litini is as great as between the Richard III. of Mr. Mansfield and that of Sir Henry Irving, nor is it possible to say how far in either case the performance of the player resembles the concept of the author; as to this, even the author may be at fault. Mdlle. Mallet, who in Paris, present home of wordless plays, is deemed head of her branch of art, shows immense ability. Watching her, one wonders why people take the trouble to talk, since gesture and facial movement are so much more eloquent than speech; one feels that silence is golden because so much more expressive than silvern speech, and the theories of Maeterlinck tend to become mere obvious commonplaces. I cannot remember an actress so vivid and forcible in telling a tale and exhibiting an emotion as the remarkable

French artist who, in the charming wordless play, is now giving a superb, interesting study of pantomime to everybody wise enough to visit the Prince of Wales's Theatre. As you will note from the accompanying reproduction, Mr. Lowenfeld has devised an ingenious method of providing souvenirs for the audiences who have seen "*La Poupée*," which continues to be one of the most charming entertainments to be seen anywhere. Mdlle. Favier is inimitable.

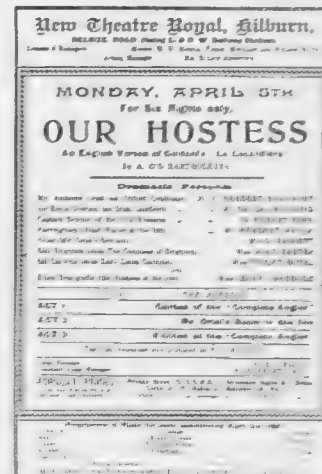
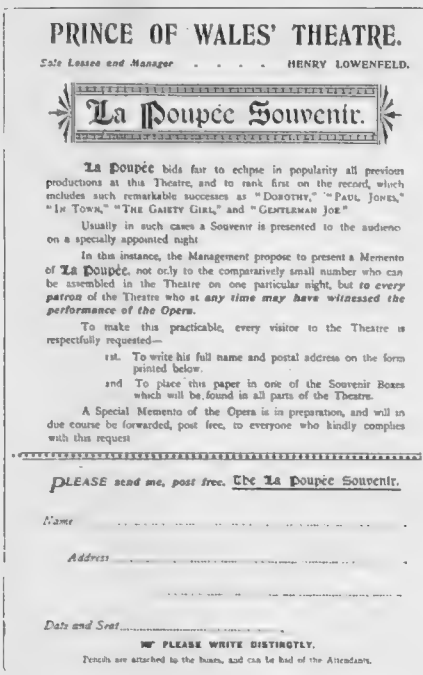
I cannot say that Goldoni's brilliant comedy, "La Locandiera," Englished and adapted under the title of "Our Hostess," thrilled me

transformed into Oriel, a young Oxford graduate—it is curious that precisely a week before Mr. Pinero created one Edward Oriel—Sir Boyle Overton (a ridiculous stage Irishman), and Captain Bendor. It was all very depressing.

There will be no performance at the Adelphi during Holy Week. The theatre will reopen on Easter Monday morning, when the hundredth performance of "Black-Ey'd Susan" and "All That Glitters" will take place. These plays were put up as a stop-gap, but, owing in a great measure to the success achieved by Mr. Terriss in the part of William, an Easter production was rendered unnecessary. This bill will stand until May 15, when the regular Adelphi company will take a holiday, and on Monday, May 17, Mr. Gillette and the entire company from the Empire Theatre, New York, will, by arrangement with Mr. Charles Frohman, appear in the successful American drama "Secret Service." Mr. Gillette's earlier play of the same *genre*, "Held by the Enemy," I used to regard as exceedingly strong and interesting. Novel points in "Secret Service", consist, I am told, in the author having dispensed entirely with soliloquies and asides, and in the fact that, in several of the most exciting scenes, absolutely not a syllable is said for several minutes at a time. I hope that "Secret Service" will be found to bear out the sanguine prognostications

of success. The season will be limited to four weeks, in consequence of previously made arrangements for the appearance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and company in "Lorenzaccio" on Monday, June 21. On or about July 31 Messrs. Gatti will produce their autumn drama, written by Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr, in which Mr. William Terriss, Miss Millward, Mr. Harry Nicholls, &c., will appear.

Although clever Miss Marie Dinton did not appear on the original production at Wolverhampton of "The Ballet-Girl," she has now taken up the part of Nida Vanderloop, the American heiress, in the successful new musical comedy, and is introducing her always popular imitations of theatrical and music-hall "stars." Her mother, Miss Amy Dawson, played in the recent pantomime at the Birmingham, Minton, and Miss Dinton herself was principal girl at the Brighton 'Alhertze Royal.



MIDLE FAVIER (LA POUPÉE).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MILLER, MARY (PIERROT),
 Educ. by W. and D. Dorey, Hurry Street, S.W.

as I witnessed it at the Royal Theatre, Kilburn, last week. That is putting my disappointment mildly. The one redeeming point about it was the appearance of Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Ellen Bracegirdle, the keeper of the Yorkshire village inn. The famous three visitors are

That house has just found a new manager in Mr. H. Cecil Beryl, for some years connected with the Nottingham Theatre Royal, who is succeeding at Brighton Mr. H. J. Infield, of the local morning paper, the *Sussex Daily News*, the latter now retiring from theatrical management.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

"Yes," remarked a well-known Conduit Street tailor last week, "cycling has made a very great difference in the sale of materials of a certain sort, in the sale of tweed, for instance. Three years ago we sold one tweed suit where now we sell eight or ten knickerbockers? No, they are not much worn for cycling in town, in spite of all that has been said and written to the contrary. The fact is," he continued, lowering his voice as several customers entered, "the fact is, very few men have calves that they feel justified in exposing to the bold gaze of a critical public. Hardly any of our customers have any legs to speak of"—I thought of Charley's Aunt and his children—"and those who have object to showing them lest their less well-proportioned friends should sneer at them for 'showing off their miserable limbs,' to use their own expression."

Pearson's Athletic Record is the latest journalistic publication devoted entirely to bodily exercises. The first number appeared last week, and the initial leading article states that "We are confident that there is a gap which we will do our best to fill, but we are modest as to our capabilities for adequately filling it." It is indeed a pleasure in these days of offensive and aggressive self-advertisement to find any newly organised newspaper doubting its capabilities for adequately doing anything. Consequently, it need hardly be added that the opening number of *Pearson's Athletic Record* is well ahead of every similar publication at present striving to jump away with a permanent lead. The subjects dealt with in this weekly record are aquatics, athletics, cricket, cycling, football, golf, hockey, and lacrosse. Horse-racing is barred, like the spot stroke.

"Amy's exercising on the Inner Circle," the "house-parlour" replied in answer to her master's angry inquiry as to where the somebody everybody had got to. His wife was out at the time, and the only Inner Circle that he had ever heard of was that of the Underground Railway. "What on earth has she gone down there for?" he asked, now fuming with indignation, for Amy was the name of the cook. "Please, sir, the Inner Circle is good." When, a few minutes later, his wife returned and told him that she had been cycling in the Inner Circle for the sake of her lungs, he seriously thought of Colney Hatch and Hanwell. But he laughed immoderately when she explained the mistake, and gushingly added that her "darling little bike" was called Amy Robsart. Once more, "What fools we mortals be!"

How pleasant it is to make short trips in these early spring days, before the Easter tourists start on their travels. I would suggest a most delightful, though rather short, expedition from Manchester or Macclesfield to what I think one of the most lovely spots in England, namely, Alderley Edge. It would be difficult to ride up to the Edge, because so many of the lanes are paved with setts, which, as most of us know, are very slippery, especially in wet weather. What could be

Wizard, on the top of the Edge, leave the machine there, and walk through the woods to see the view from that side of the Edge. It is possible to get as excellent a lunch or tea there as even Dr. Johnson himself could have wished for.

Though the winds are still cold, we really feel that spring has at last stolen upon us. Stormy March has passed, and we are now looking forward to April showers to soften the air. A few days ago I was riding through the quaint little town of Settle, in West Yorkshire, and the place seemed alive with cyclists. I had no idea that there were so many in the neighbourhood. I saw many fair ladies, and

I have received from Otley, Yorkshire, a letter explanatory of a new device called a "back-and-shoulder rest for cyclists." The inventor and makers, of course, declare it to be a splendid device; but, as they have not yet sent a specimen "back-rest" for trial, I am unable to write from personal knowledge as to its efficacy. It consists of a broad strap, which passes behind the shoulders and is attached by a cord to a hook on the handle-bar. As for the "long-felt want" which this rest is said to supply, it is claimed that the device enables the rider to sit upright, or to lean back and rest the back and shoulders while riding, and to gain double the ordinary driving-power by bringing the full weight of the body as well as the muscular force of the back and shoulders to bear upon the pedals.



CYCLIST'S BACK-REST.

I regret to see that Mr. Herbert Gladstone has contradicted the statement which has been the round of the papers that his father had joined the great company of cyclists, and has characterised the rumour as "a hoax." I wish the report had been true. It would have been so very refreshing to see the veteran statesman cycling round the country, and pausing at every village in order to harangue the rustic populace upon the affairs of Greece or whatever might be the burning topic of the hour! But, alas! it is not so, and we must rest content with seeing him cut trees with an axe instead of capers on a wheel.

"You should preciousely have guarded your tyre on this long road," remarked the sympathetic, advice-volunteering bore, addressing masculine Mrs. Aundlebar, whom he had just met sitting beside a ditch and dolefully gazing at her flattened tube. "No such thing," she replied snappishly, indicating with her chin her husband toiling laboriously along the road; "you mean, I should not have tired my precious guardian with this long ride."

Many people are talking of water-cycles. Will they prove a success, I wonder? I doubt it. I hear that they are being used on the canals at Venice. But how much pleasanter to float in a gondola in the glorious sunshine, propelled by a picturesque gondolier, than to churn the waters on a modern cycle! Then one hears of another enterprising wheelman proposing to cycle across the Channel! Let us hope that Boreas will be lulled to sleep when he attempts to accomplish this hazardous feat.

During the past few weeks I have been cycling in the heart of the country to greet the spring. Pedestrians, equestrians, and cyclists have seen my manly form in and about the pleasant Kentish villages of Hayes and Keston and Down; the Essex agriculturalist, in the remote region where the River Crouch hastens to the sea has wished me a broad "Good morning." I have taken lunch by the banks of the Wandle in the pleasant county of Surrey, and digested the aforesaid lunch in the presence of many fine young trout and to the melody of nesting blackbirds. Mitcham Common, famous for golf links, has groaned beneath my weighty tread, and upon the famous cricket-ground, where the Australian visitors are wont to practise, I have paused and pondered upon the rapid flight of the years and sought consolation in the Odes of Horace. However, there is one point upon which I should like to say something.

There is a painful waste of opportunity in tree-planting in Surrey, Kent, and Essex alike that is positively alarming. I have passed orchard after orchard where trees have been planted with an utter disregard of the surroundings. The general tendency of the owner of gardens seems to be in the direction of planting chestnut and beech *ad libitum*. These beautiful trees, naturally denizens of the forest, grow up rapidly, taking all the virtue out of the soil, to the detriment of neighbouring growths, and spreading until they intercept light or run into their competitors and have to be cut down. Without exaggeration, I may claim to have seen, during the past month, thousands of fine trees lopped out of shape and expression, and, consequently, disfiguring where they should beautify. And, meanwhile, fruit-trees are neglected, and instead of planting dwarf apple-trees, and various modest species of plum and pear, fair to look upon, suited by the soil, and highly profitable, the landowner prefers trees that have no chance and bring no profit, while the trade in imported fruit is absurdly big and getting bigger. Can nothing be done to advise the country dwellers in Southern England, or must I simply remain annoyed?

A NEAT COSTUME.
Photo by J. J. Brown, London.

any number of small children, all of them, probably, tempted out by the bright sunshine and the clean, hard condition of the roads.

What a boon it is to be able to lubricate the bearings of one's machine with something less messy than oil—with something which does not gather unto itself every particle of dust and dirt with which it comes in contact! Graphite, or plumbago, appears to be the perfection of a dry lubricant. It is easily applied, and does not clog the bearings.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

In an age when all is practical, conventional, commonplace, Jacques Bonhomme still preserves somehow a gentle vein of romance in his lively personality—an attribute which seems to have permanently departed from the uncompromising British constitution, by the way. Witness now the poetry of those duels *outré mer* which satisfy honour in



[Copyright.]

VERY MUCH À LA MODE.

pricking the cuticle, the avidity with which paper carnivals are enjoyed, despite Eastern Questions, east winds, or any other outcome of the uncongenial quarter—the gaiety and abandon of Gallic life altogether, but peculiarly in its Parisian aspect.

Realism seems of late to grip the heel of gay Lutetia very hard, however, in a rebound from her usual idealistic temper perhaps, and the subterranean soirée musicale which took place last week is a case in point. It had occurred to various leading spirits of "Young Paris" that a concert in the Catacombs would be an altogether delightful sensation, where the Marche Funèbre and other appropriate "mournful numbers" could be heard in the sympathetic surrounding of Montrouge, whose vaults are patterned in fantastic reliefs with skulls and "cross-bones" of departed citizens. Quickly and without knowledge of the authorities this freak was carried into effect. An orchestra made up of Colonne and Lamoureux musicians, conducted actually by M. Leroux himself, played among other items the weird "Danse Macabre," while poems were "infoned," and violin solos sobbed and sighed over the adjacent coffin-lids. What a feast of thrills it must have been for the audience, which numbered a hundred persons, all more or less distinguished in the world of art or letters, and how strangely, to be sure, does the modern mortal take his pleasures!

Hailing from Paris also—but how much more in accord with the feminine fancy!—is the arrival and installation at 39, Dover Street, of the long-expected Paquin. Of course, everybody will flock to the exposition of marvellous gowns and mantles at these magnificently arranged salons, and I make no doubt that M. and Madame Paquin will justify themselves of their great reputation, and send the islander happy away. No excuse will there be among us now of "running over to Paris for a frock

or two," as before; the formula will, in fact, lose its magic, for Paris has come to us—the very best of it, from all millinery aspects—and it will be only necessary to negotiate Dover Street instead of the Channel and beyond for the realisation of such dreams in chiffon as only the smart Parisienne has been accustomed to until lately. That English women are acquiring the art of dress no one who walks abroad can at the moment question. "The Dodd family" is, indeed, as dead as the Dodo. But there are parts of the higher education in the ethics of clothes which need a master-hand like Paquin's to impart. The time is ripe for the advent of an admitted authority on the subject, in fact, and smart women on this side of the water will not be slow to avail of this unique opportunity which brings such a prophet in our midst, or I much mistake them.

That the fashion of flounces will develop into a passion I somewhat doubt. At best it will be a slowly growing flame, but that these artless ornaments are no more a mere memory of the 'forties, but an accepted accompaniment of our present promenades, no one seeing this *dernier cri* of silk and gauze can ever after doubt. The frock is an exponent of the most modish manner, and has been created in Paris for an expensive Russian Countess, whose dresses are always a proverb of elegance in the double sense of being up to date and *chic*. As will be seen, the skirt, bodice, and sleeves of shot pink and white silk are completely covered with small gathered flounces of black gauze, all of which are headed by a tiny edging of black-spangled passementerie, which is sewn on in a shamrock pattern with the prettiest effect. As is usual, the skirt is very much bell-shaped, sloping away from the edge to fit tightly below waist. The bodice is a graceful version of the always-becoming blouse shape; over the small, horizontally placed flounces a fichu of white point-lace gives a final and extremely smart effect. A frill of black gauze, also headed by the spangled trimming, edges this garniture of real lace. Buttons of white and gold enamel, not at all unlike last year's



[Copyright.]

GREY WITH SILVER AND IVORY EMBROIDERIES.

Sandown badges, are used to fasten it on, and an elaborate neck-trimming of white point, black gauze, and pink taffetas completes an extremely charming gown. Very long, gathered sleeves, with cuffs half-covering the hand, are now a prominent part of the fashionable bodice, and appear in the original of this sketch. Sometimes these cuffs are round, but more often have pointed ends like those mediæval sleeves so affected by the Great Sarah. They have the effect of making small hands look

smaller, and of partially suppressing large extremities, which are always disillusioning in a pretty woman.

A gown sent down from Paris for a festival at Biarritz for a friend looked so fascinating in the little sketch sent on for my approval, that I have had it reproduced in this number. The material is dove-coloured barège, a fabric we shall see more of as the weather becomes appropriately warm. About the edge of skirt a wide insertion of wavy guipure admixed with silver embroidery is sewn on. A smart double-breasted bodice is also adorned with silver and lace embroidery. The waistband, of bright emerald velvet, is a lovely touch of colour, which repeats itself at the neck in conjunction with tufts of ivory lace. The hat which was worn with this dress was by Félix, and consisted of pink satin straw veiled with black Chantilly lace, trimmed with La France roses, foliage, and green glacé ribbon. Most conflicting indeed are the devices of this year's hats. Demure and much-drooped brims, with wreaths of roses and nodding white and black feathers, recall early Victorian days, but are somewhat lacking in that animation we impart even to our millinery nowadays. Then there are buoyant turn-back brims, a very difficult style for most faces, and never very long in fashion. I have seen one as a "high novelty" this week in white satin straw, the brim turned up in front to show the face; a drapery of pink silk shot white under a gathering of white tulle was skilfully arranged in circles around the crown, upright loops of black ribbon-velvet flanked by a splendid osprey showed at the back, and a dainty bunch of pink-tipped bachelor buttons was tucked under the brim *en cache-peigne*. An extremely favourite type is the new toque, which is wider and flatter than in former phases, with one or two very rich nodding ostrich-feathers standing erect at the right side. The mixture of colours to which we still adhere does not rule in Paris now, several shades of one colour being adopted by the leading milliners there and on the Riviera. A lovely hat, which crowns the ondulé locks of a friend just arrived from the latter place, is bright pink Manilla straw, sailor shape, the brim of which is ornamented with four rouleaux of mousseline-de-soie, ranging from cherry-colour to dark ruby. Wired leaf-shaped bows of ivory and black lace surround two brush-ospreys of cream and black, placed so as to contrast respectively with the lace, while a *cache-peigne* of the variously shaded chiffon was arranged in rosettes. It was a charming hat. Another headpiece also owned by this extravagant damsel, made in different greens, with two black ostrich-tips, seemed distractingly becoming.

Friends in Dublin, who write bewailing of the end of a too brief merry season, tell me that a very strong contingent have made arrangements to spend the forthcoming months in town, so that, together with fair colonials and the sixty thousand extra enterprising Americans who have "booked passages," one may expect an approximate sprinkling of soft-tongued Celtic beauties to shed an extra lustre on season gatherings. Lord Plunket's untimely death has caused widespread regret in the Irish capital, where the Archbishop's kindly presence will be much missed, in spite of that diversity of opinion which his proselytising efforts in Madrid may have created.

I may here remark that I came upon a particularly clever invention quite recently which should be brought to the notice of every cyclist and sportswoman generally. It is a watch-bracelet, the former a



A VADE-MECUM FOR THE CYCLIST.

neat member of the half-hunter variety, well mounted on a solid curb-chain. As companion to the watch, a perfect little aneroid barometer, similarly mounted, is placed with it side by side, so that the owner need never be "all abroad" in the weather-wise sense, and can regulate her outdoor plans accordingly. It is a charming toy, and one which should accompany the proud possessor of a Humber or a Columbia as the last touch of her well-equipped wheeling expeditions. This bracelet is the invention of Mr. J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond Street, whose well-known shop is a centre for smart novelties in jewellery at all times. A day-and-night compass is, in some instances, substituted for the aneroid barometer; and here the yachting-woman's tastes have been considered to some purpose, for this compass is the daintiest but, at the same time, the most perfectly constructed instrument of its kind. Both one form and another of this novel bracelet should have a great vogue this season.

Up to now the weather has been unfavourable for cycling; even the most enthusiastic may abate somewhat when the choice of a day's sport is left to deeply rutted roads, agreeably diversified with puddles after rain, on one hand, or the blustering mercies of a chill nor'-easter, on the other. Longer days and gentler zephyrs are at hand, however, and next month will see the cycling butterflies in full flight again, I make little doubt, notwithstanding the awful warnings from some quarters, which lay down that the ultra-fashionable aspect of cycling has departed. At Biarritz the world has been making itself merry on wheels, with the addition of an occasional Gymkhana, the last one being a particularly lively affair, with hoop-races for the men and serpentine for the ladies, not to mention the egg-and-spoon variety, "plank"-races, and many more. All these were done at Hurlingham and Ranelagh last season, but I do not think we have yet had the "Gretna Green" race, which my friends describe as the event at Biarritz last week. It consists of a race down the course together, ladies and men being paired

off, then a dismounting in hot haste, a signing of names at the table provided, and a remount and rush at the goal hand in hand. Great was the laughter, and many the amusing "situations," as can be gathered, while this "figure" was in process. Miss Trapman and Mr. de Heeren were the winners, while Miss Violet Labouchere, a well-known and popular exponent of the wheel at Biarritz, came out at the top in the difficult tortoise race. A regular Gymkhana, with ponies and all complete, followed the saturnalia of steel a day or two later, and I have had screaming accounts of the nightshirt and cap race with ponies, with the frantic efforts of competitors at "buttoning up" meanwhile, the top button nearly always evading the eager jockeys. Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron Pawel von Rammingen were at the races, Lady Fairbairn, Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere, Lady Colquhoun, Lady Mainwaring, Mrs. Magniac, Lady and Miss Morris, and everyone more or less who is wintering at this favourite Pyrenean rendezvous.

Having promised to see an enthusiastic golfing friend "through" her paces, I valorously took the road to Ranelagh on Wednesday in altogether wretched weather, and was one of the few onlookers who assisted at the first day's play of the annual competitions for ladies. The married women were numerically and scientifically stronger. Mrs. Hunter, Hon. Mrs. Rowley, and Mrs. Ryder Richardson made great play. In the putting competition Mrs. Stanley Stubbs made no less good case with her biceps than in former days with her head-notes when, as Miss Robertson, she made so agreeable an addition to our concert-singers. As a "driver," Miss Walker claimed all my admiration, but her two-hundred and sixty-odd yards being reached, I turned my face townwards, in a driving rain and chilling wind which the most ardent sightseer might have succumbed to. It is all very well, of course, for the performers, as I heard a half-frozen chaperon lately protest at Niagara, but, when it comes to sitting on indefinitely as an onlooker, one's raptures are apt to wax and wane in a very certain degree.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOMESTICATED (Shropshire).—(1) I regret that I cannot recommend a reliable agency. Opinions vary so much with regard to them. Have you tried advertising in the *Post* or *Times*? Many believe it to be the best plan. (2) Either Benoist, Piccadilly, or the Hotel Cecil, if you really want the best. (3) Pells and Richards, of Piccadilly, is probably the firm you mean. Extremely good style, and not expensive. (4) I only know of one pack in your county, and that is not at the Oakleigh side.

MRS. MAJOR.—(1) It is so very difficult to name an infallible remedy for moth. These odious grubs are so very persevering and productive. Really, the best plan is to send them to be stored, particularly in the case of such valuable skins as yours. Moth, it is well known, have a preference for the costliest headquarters, and will flout a rabbit-skin if blue fox or sable is at all procurable or adjacent. Therefore, to be really wise in time, I should counsel you to confide your furs to Jay's, at the International Fur Store, Regent Street. Here you will be sure that they are well looked after, and the very moderate cost of storing them covers an insurance as well. (2) The same firm would convert your long-skirted coat into a cape, but I should leave that until later, as fashions even in good furs vary very quickly. (3) Since you have taken seats so near the Cecil, why not get them to provide luncheon? (4) Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, are specialists in bedstead-making, and you will probably find what you want in their stock of officers' camp furniture. If not, they would make anything to your order. No trouble.

SERENA.—(1) I am glad you were pleased with the sketch of ball-gown, and that it has turned out so well in satin. (2) I do not know if Carter's Fruit Syrups are to be had in powder form. I rather think not; but, bottled, you can get them at any good grocer's, and very excellent they are, particularly the lemon syrup.

PAPILLON (Southsea).—(1) Most unfortunate that you should have laid in all those expensive gowns before your sudden mourning. They will, of course, be quite *démodé* before you can wear them again. I can only suggest that you would write Madame Frederica, of 3, Cork Street. She undertakes to sell nearly new garments at a charge of 10 per cent. for her trouble, which is very moderate when you consider that these articles are shown to the best advantage in her show-rooms, and that a competent dressmaker is in attendance to alter them to fit purchasers. Many smart women who keep well to the front in such matters of fashion regularly send their nearly new but discarded gowns to Madame Frederica, who generally succeeds in selling them without delay and to very good advantage as well. (2) If you can spare the middle room, I should have it made into a square hall, bringing your staircase into the middle. It immensely improves the aspect of an interior, and, as you are making some structural alterations, all could be done together. (3) Have the silk shirts made to measure; they fit so much better. About twenty-seven shillings to thirty shillings each.

TRAMP (S. Kens.).—(1) Your suggestion is good, but cannot be acted on here. (2) Two cycling-dresses are not too many in a trousseau, assuredly, one of Barker and Moody unshrinkable flannel and the other of box-cloth, tan or drab. The skirt should be divided, falling straight without fulness in front, and made to fasten behind underneath the pleats, so that when walking or standing it hangs very full. This is the best style of cycling-skirt. One sent over by the celebrated Laborde for an acquaintance cycle lately was of grey cloth, the divided skirt of which was made with an apron which buttoned down on both sides, a style so favourite as almost to amount to a uniform in Paris—that is, with the non-knickerbocker section.

KATYA.—(1) I think it a very pretty one. Russian, is it not? You can buy your Troski cigarettes at the only English agency, The Bungalow, in Conduit Street. (2) I have seen one at Kate Reily's, Dover Street. You could doubtless match it there. She is one of the first dressmakers. (3) About sixty guineas, or it may be more.

BRIDE.—(1) Why not have a series of those charming chromo-lithographs published by the Arundel Society, if you cannot afford expensive pictures. Bare walls are bad, but bad art is worse, and here, at all events, you will run no risks. (2) It is difficult to apportion a dress-allowance; wants and tastes differ so mightily; but of this you may be certain, that one frock by a good tailor or dressmaker is worth a dozen by the cheap and ill-fitting majority. Fewer frocks but better would be my motto if I were you. (2) Atkinson's White Rose is the acme of excellence in scents; you cannot do better. They would post it on and save you the trouble.

TRIPPER.—(1) You are probably thinking of the Römerberg at Frankfurt, which no Jew was allowed to enter down to the end of last century. (2) Yes; two excellent dressmakers in the Kaiser Strasse. Both have shops. You will easily find them; only half an hour from Homburg.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on April 26.

THE MONEY MARKET.

At last the Bank of England directors have seen their way to the reduction of the minimum discount rate, so as to bring it into line with the rates current in the open market. Judging from the delay in announcing the decision, it would appear to have been the subject of some considerable discussion, but the opinion prevailed that it was useless to keep out of touch with market conditions any longer on the mere possibility of political troubles. A Bank Rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is quite high enough when viewed in relation to the discount market in general. We must not forget that the Bank of England does not, as it once did, regulate the Money Market by its discount rate. On the contrary, it rather has to follow the lead of other financial institutions, unless special considerations come into play. Such considerations have of late been operative as regards politics. But for them the rate would have been reduced long ago, and that very fact lends special significance to the change in the rate from 3 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. which has been made this week.

HOME RAILS.

To our mind, rather too much was made of the favourable traffic returns of Home Railways last week. They were undoubtedly good, but comparisons on any definite basis were rendered impossible by the fact that Good Friday fell in the corresponding week of 1896. It is amusing to read the elaborate deductions which are drawn by *soi-disant* authorities in such a case as this. They lump together the goods and passenger receipts, and therefrom draw meaningless conclusions, such as the remark of a daily contemporary that, "notwithstanding that the corresponding period of last year enjoyed the Good Friday week traffic, there is an increase of £4134 for the North-Western." It ought surely to be clear enough to anybody of average intelligence that the gain in passenger traffic may be counterbalanced on such occasions by a loss in goods business, and that to arrive at even approximately accurate conclusions the character and circumstances of each individual company must be taken into account. For instance, with regard to the "Brighton" or South-Eastern Railway, it is obvious that the week containing a Bank Holiday such as Easter Monday must compare favourably with the corresponding week of the previous year which does not include that holiday.

But it is very different with a line which relies mainly on merchandise and mineral traffic, like the Midland or the North-Eastern. To them the occurrence of a holiday period is detrimental rather than advantageous. And, *mutatis mutandis*, the same considerations have to be kept in mind in all attempts to form opinions about the meaning of traffic returns, particularly when Easter traffics are in question, because it is at Easter that the longest break occurs in business. That break is a certainty. The countervailing advantage of increased passenger-receipts is, in the first place, dependent on local conditions, and, in the second place, on our British climate.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE BOOM.

We are all familiar with the class of company which comes before the public on the strength of a certificate on a single year's trading; but we are now being introduced to a new description of companies, inviting subscriptions for capital because the coming year is likely, for special reasons, to be a good one. The following letter is probably not meant to be taken seriously; but, anyhow, it speaks for itself—

The City Editor of *The Sketch*.

SIR,—I am the owner of premises on the line of route of the procession to take place on June 22 next. My business has been in a very bad way for some years, the loss in 1896 being £200. But I have let my windows for the day of the procession at the price of £2000. Now, if I lose a further £200 this year on my ordinary business, I shall still be £1800 to the good in 1897, and I can easily get accountants to certify it. This £1800, at twenty years' purchase, would come to £36,000, and I am quite willing to take £10,000 in cash, and a further £10,000 in cash or ordinary shares at the option of the directors. What I want to ask you, sir, is whether you think that the supply of idiots who would entertain such a proposal has yet been exhausted? A reply in your "City Notes" will oblige yours obediently,

INSOLVENT.

P.S.—I am prepared to take out a policy at Lloyd's, so as to render loss impossible.

Perhaps some of our readers can answer the query. To judge from some recent prospectuses, however, the idea is by no means a novelty.

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.

The Trade and Navigation Returns for March 1897 are so far satisfactory that they show large increases of both our imports and our exports; but, as our increased exports are manifestly due to the rush to get goods into America in front of the new Dingley Tariff, there is only too much ground to fear that last month's increase will be followed by considerable decreases as soon as this tariff is in force. It would be difficult indeed to produce a stronger object-lesson of the injurious and disturbing influence on trade, produced by the tariff vagaries of a great nation like America. To take a single instance, our exports of foreign wool to the United States in March 1896 were 3,463,000 lb., and last month 24,619,000 lb., while our exports of English wool to the same country rose from 520,000 lb. to 5,049,000 lb. It is plain that American importers are accumulating stocks far in advance of their current wants—stocks that will be subject to grave waste and

depreciation from having to be stored for months, or perhaps years, before they are utilised, and for all this (and a gigantic profit in addition) the American tax-payer and the American exporter will have to pay dearly enough, while the other countries of the world will suffer grievously from the reaction following on the present artificial inflation. A small but voracious crew of gamblers, speculators, and forestallers will accumulate vast fortunes, while straightforward traders, small manufacturers, and poor working-men will go the wall by hundreds.

In comparing the present Board of Trade Returns with those of March 1896, it must not be forgotten that the latter had five Sundays against four in March of this year. It is unsatisfactory to notice the continued increase of our imports of manufactured articles. There are heavy increases in many articles with which we used to supply the world, such as iron, paper, silk ribands, woollen and cotton stuffs, watches, &c., while those interested in Nitrate industries will notice that there is a large falling-off (from 26,000 tons to 12,817 tons) in our importations of nitrate of soda.

THE FOREIGN MARKET.

The Greek Independence Day having passed off quietly, without any collision between the two sets of savages who are grinning at each other over a stone wall, the Bourses of the world have made up their minds that there is not going to be any war this time over the Eastern Question, and the prices of International Bonds show an inclination to improve in value, while some of the smaller States—and the larger ones too—are preparing to take advantage of the cheapness of money to try and replenish their tills by floating another little loan or two in this "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Spain would dearly like a little financial assistance in conducting—or misconducting—her military campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines, Russia and Japan will want to borrow money in connection with their gold standard arrangements, France ought really to fund part of her floating debt, and the Argentine Republic hopes in a year or two to be able to consolidate her public debt on a 4 per cent. basis. In view of these opportunities of making a nimble ninetence by a quick turn, it is well for those who know how to use money to keep a certain quantity of spare cash within reach.

THE ARGENTINE.

Those who cannot bear to keep their money idle may not unwisely lock up a few Argentine National Bonds, on the ground that prices must be considerably raised above their present level before any conversion operation will be practicable. If they can only devise a remedy for the locust plague, there must be a great advance in the wealth, population, and prosperity of the country. The 1884 bonds at about 62 are very tempting.

THE MINING MARKET.

This market continues in a parlous condition. There was no difficulty over the Settlement, because there is practically no speculation for the rise; but, in the absence of any buying by the public at any price, what is there to prevent prices sinking to zero? As far as the South African Market is concerned, the outlook is serious enough. It is not necessary to contemplate the possibility of any outbreak of hostilities. Without anything of the kind, many important deep-level properties will come to grief, unless they are supplied with the capital necessary to develop them, and, if the public will not find any more capital, where is the money to come from? The mushroom millionaires of the "Kaffir Circus" are no longer in a position to buy as many shares as Paris likes to offer. President Kruger and his *Intransigentes* have much to answer for—almost as much as Cecil Rhodes and his fanatic followers.

OUR AFRICAN LETTER.

In continuation of his letters on the South African Goldfields, our correspondent has now favoured us with the following notes on the De Kaap Goldfields, which will probably interest many of our readers—

DE KAAP GOLDFIELDS.

The De Kaap Goldfields in size and importance as a mining district rank second in South Africa to the famous Witwatersrand. Gold was first discovered on Moodie's early in 1885; but it was not until the following year that the town of Barberton was founded, as a result of the discovery of gold by a Mr. Barber on Government ground. The famous rich strike on the Sheba and the marvellous yield from the Sheba Reef caused a large influx of population. Ground was everywhere pegged, companies floated, and the fields generally boomed. But, unfortunately, the business was overdone. Companies were floated without adequate working capitals, men inexperienced in gold-mining were placed in charge, with the result that confidence was lost, capital, which was freely forthcoming from Europe and all parts of South Africa, was found to have been wasted, and by the end of 1887 the industry was languishing for want of support, and the bulk of the population left for the more promising district of Johannesburg.

There can be no doubt the district of Barberton contains the precious metal in quantities, for, wherever of late capital has been judiciously and intelligently expended, the results have generally proved that the quartz reefs can be worked to advantage. Till quite recently, the district was dependent upon the ox-wagon to bring in supplies and machinery, but now Barberton is connected by a branch line with the main trunk system—the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay Railway. This one factor represents an important reduction in working costs.

The Sheba is the premier mine of the district, and has attracted attention on account of the richness of its ore. Where first struck, the reef extracted yielded 8 oz. to the ton. From October 1887 to the end of January 1896 this company crushed 196,716 tons, yielding 303,623½ oz., being an average of 1 oz. 11 dwt. 2 grains to the ton. Prior to the recent meeting in London, the company owned 204 claims, of which, at the outside, only some ten had been worked. By the recent incorporation of the Zwartkopje property, the mining area is now equal to 377 claims. The Zwartkopje was owned by Messrs. Lewis and Marks. A rich chute of ore was accidentally found on the property a couple of years ago, and a few crushings gave the following phenomenal returns: 40 tons gave 709 oz.;

80 tons, 1847 oz.; and 47 tons, 1333 oz. As a part of the scheme of incorporation, the Sheba capital has been increased from £850,000 to £1,100,000, and the stamps are to be doubled—the mill to consist of 120 stamps, instead of 60, as at present. In addition to the ordinary capital, there is a debenture debt on the property of £131,000.

From various points of view, the recent acquisition of additional claims, with the consequent increase of capital, is a mistake for the ordinary shareholder. Mr. Garland Soper, who presided at the meeting in London on Jan. 29, admitted that the hand of the Board had been forced in the matter, and his elaborate calculations of the benefits to be derived from what he termed "promoting the security of capital" could not remove the impression from disinterested persons that something in the nature of a blind bargain was being entered into. The Sheba property, prior to this deal, was greatly over-capitalised, and about the only apparent benefit to be derived from putting in Messrs. Lewis and Marks' 173 claims is that it enables the average value per claim to be written down from £3492 to £2818. But this is altogether a misleading business, although it supplies Mr. Garland Soper with the argument that he is "promoting the security of capital."

It would have been more to the purpose had Mr. Soper informed the meeting that the rich chute had only been proved in one of the 173 Zwartkopje claims. True, it will possibly be found in a number of other claims, but it would be idle of anyone to pretend that the Zwartkopje property is equally rich throughout. Mr. Soper has made up his mind as to the particular point at which the rich chute is to pass out of the Sheba property, which, consequently, is not all equally rich—a fact known to everybody before this, except the directors. All calculations as to claim-values on properties like the Sheba and Zwartkopje are fallacious unless a distinction is made between those which contain payable quartz and those which do not. Mr. Soper knows as well as anyone that he is not dealing with the regular formations of the Witwatersrand.

Development at present is not sufficiently advanced on the Sheba to justify the erection of an additional 60 stamps, and this is a further argument against the scheme. With 60 stamps it will be difficult to earn respectable dividends on the watered capital of £1,100,000.

Of the other companies in the Barberton district, the Woodbine lately recommenced crushing with 10 stamps, and is returning an ounce to the ton. The company will be reconstructed when the times are suitable, and 10 or

20 additional stamps erected. Development is a long way ahead of the mill, and the company, when placed on a business-like basis, will make substantial profits. This is a good property. The Clutha, another payable property, is in process of reconstruction. More will be heard of this company. The United Ivy, crushing with 20 stamps, has already shown its capacity to pay dividends. The Consort Consolidated, one of Barnato's ventures, is at a standstill for want of money—like so many ventures in the same group.

At Barberton, as at Lydenburg, water-power is abundant, representing a saving as compared with the Rand. Native labour is also cheaper than at Johannesburg.

Mr. Amandus Brakhan, whose portrait we give, is a prominent figure in South African



MR. A. BRAKHAN.

Photo by Pöhlitz, Bad Kissingen.

gold-mining circles, and is recognised as a man of great business capacity. A native of Germany, Mr. Brakhan is associated with the leading mines forming the German group, and is managing-partner in Johannesburg of the well-known financial house of A. Goerz and Co., Limited. He is a director of the following successful companies: Roodepoort United, Princess Estate, George Goch, Roodepoort Central Deep, Rand Central Ore-Reduction Company, South African Contracting Association, Klerksdorp Exploration and Land Company. He is an alternate director on the Meyer and Charlton, and sits on the local board of the Rand Electric Company, Limited.

The Australian Market is in a far better case than the "Kaffir Circus," but it is passing through a period of extreme gloom and depression. Many excellent properties will have to lie idle, and many perfectly sound companies will have to reconstruct, and there will be splendid opportunities for those who know the intrinsic merits of the mines to pick up derelict shares at prices far below their real value. The Mount Margaret Reward, which is said to possess a splendid mine, is compelled, we see, to reconstruct, and those who can pick up the £1 shares (15s. paid) in the new company for very little more than the 5s. payable on them, will make a lot of money if the property is one half as good as it is represented to be by people who ought to know.

The Old Day Dawn P.C. has just issued a fresh report, insisting with emphasis that "there is life—and gold—in the old dog yet." We are very glad to hear it.

RIO TINTO.

In spite of the fact that the Board of Trade Returns for March show an increase in the imports of 6475 tons of copper (ore and regulus), being 72 per cent. in quantity and over 90 per cent. in value, and a decrease in the exports of 37,584 cwt., being over 34 per cent. in quantity and over 25 per cent. in value, the directors of the Rio Tinto Company have felt no difficulty in increasing the dividend for the last half-year to 20 per cent. per annum, as against the (interim) dividend in respect of the first half of the year at 18 per cent. per annum; and, though the price of the old shares and of the new deferred "splits" have recently fallen back a little on sales from Paris, there seems no difficulty in

absorbing on this side all the shares that Paris is willing to sell, and, so far as we can see (in spite of any casual market fluctuations), the demand for copper is likely to continue. In any case, the Rio Tinto Company is likely to go on earning very substantial dividends. It is most unlikely that the very conservative board which rules its destinies would have increased the dividend to 20 per cent. unless they had good reason for thinking that there was no prospect in the near future of having to offer their shareholders any substantial reduction on that rate. In fact, from all we can hear, the Rio Tinto Company, for the next seventy years at least, will be able to pay handsome dividends, even though the price of copper should fall sufficiently low to shut up many other mines which are now earning large profits.

NEW ISSUES.

Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., Limited, offer by tender, at a *minimum* of 95 per cent., £600,000 3 per cent. B Debenture stock.—Too dear, considering the security, but will probably be over-subscribed.

The Manbré Saccharine Company, Limited; capital £450,000.—Not a desirable investment.

Oliver, Pratt, York, and Co., Limited; share capital £55,000, debentures £30,000.—An effort to amalgamate five upholsterers' businesses in Torquay, Guildford, Birkenhead, East Grinstead, and Horsham. Not very attractive.

The Birmingham General Omnibus Company, Limited; capital £90,000.—Accountant's certificate unsatisfactory.

Atkinson Brothers (Sheffield), one of the oldest cutlery concerns in England, is likely to receive a large measure of support from prudent investors, as the capital is small and the debentures particularly well secured. As all kindred enterprises in Sheffield stand at a high premium and Sheffield trade is just now particularly brisk, Atkinson Brothers has every prospect of being largely over-subscribed. Mr. J. F. Atkinson, J.P., the Chairman, was Master Cutler in 1893, and was elected sole cutlery judge at the Chicago Exhibition.

O. P. Q. (Waipori) Gold Mines, Limited; capital £150,000.—To be avoided.

Walker and Homfrays, Limited (Brewers).—Further issue (at £11 10s.) of 3000 preference shares of £10 each. It is curious how these "prosperous breweries" all want more money.

Saturday, April 10, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ACCINGTON.—We think you have been unwise to take up shares in the concern which you mention. We advise you to sell them if you can get a purchaser. We can get no quotation for them in the market.

H. S.—(1) These people are so very astute that we should advise you to have nothing to do with them. So many Hebrew financiers share "the fault of the Dutch." (2) We advise you to leave it alone. There was great difficulty over the underwriting, and the vendors are stuck with an enormous block of shares, the marketing of which will probably keep the price sickly for years. (3) All trading concerns have their ups and down, but this is regarded as a prosperous and progressive business. (4) We should not keep them if they were ours.

SALMON.—(1, 2) They do a large "cutting" trade, and, by the exercise of great Hebrew astuteness, are apparently earning considerable profits at present; but rival shops run on the same lines are being started close to the company's shops, and very curious stories are in circulation as to who are starting these rival shops. We should not like to put our money into the concern. (3) No; we think not. (4) We are inclined to think it is. (5) No.

CIGARETTE.—(1) As you say, it is a pure "gamble," and the feeling in City circles is that it is not, on the whole, a very attractive gamble. Many people are indignant at the idea of limited liability companies being formed for the purpose of exploiting the loyalty of her Majesty's subjects and attempting to form a monopoly that would practically exclude any but the rich from enjoying a great historic spectacle intended for the benefit of poor and rich alike. Besides this, the route is a very long one, and there will be tremendous competition in letting the many thousands of seats provided, while those who announce that the proceeds of their seats will be given to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund will attract the support of those willing to pay high prices. (2) We advise you to keep your Jay shares for the present. We hear they are doing a good business.

E. M. (1) Risky. (2) Fair speculation. (3) Very undesirable. We think a few Argentine Government 1884 Bonds would suit you.

GRANVILLE.—We are very pleased to hear that you have had reason to be so satisfied with the solicitor to whom we recommended you.

J. G. and W. M.—We have written fully by post to both these correspondents in regard to the Great Horseless Carriage Company.

JOSEPHUS.—(1) We advise you to sell on the best terms you can get. (2) We are afraid they are no good. (3) We do not recommend the purchase.

CARYSFORT.—"Apart from politics," there is little ground for expecting a bad time in store for Goldfields Deferred; but, in consequence of politics, there are considerable grounds. See this week's "City Notes." If we were in your position, we should feel inclined to "hedge" by selling half and keeping half.

C. C. M. N.—They are all so dear already that it seems rash to go in now, though, in the absence of any serious trouble, they will probably all go even higher.

KILLARNEY.—By the Rules of the paper we cannot send you "a full account," or any other account, unless you comply with No. 5 of the Correspondence Rules. We advise you to keep the preference shares you mention, as we think they are good value at anything like present prices. The other investment you mention seems to us dear enough already.

A. D. R.—It might be worth buying a few of the shares you mention as a speculative lock-up, but we cannot recommend any mining shares at present as "promising for a rise."

DAISY.—Several of the gentlemen in the Miscellaneous Market show a considerable aptitude for the art you desire to cultivate; but none of them are able to furnish us with "the name and the author of a good book for teaching step and stage dancing."

LISAC.—We cannot recommend either of the shares you mention.

WATERLOO.—We do not know any stocks "which are absolutely safe, and which, at the same time, would pay a good interest—4½ to 5 per cent.—and also have a chance of increasing in value (no trust or foreign securities)." If we did, we could easily accumulate a large fortune without troubling to write for newspapers. We do not think highly of the shares you name. We consider them by no means safe; on the contrary, highly speculative.